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The Week

THERE is a good deal of historical justification for the theory that God is a Republican. Many times, when the party has been threatened with agricultural discontent just before an election, because of low prices of crops arising from oversupply, a drought or other natural disaster has reduced the yield of new crops enough to raise prices and preserve votes. This happened in 1924. But the present calamitous drought does not look quite so much like divine intervention in behalf of Mr. Hoover. It did not come early enough to affect the yield of wheat, which has been selling at lower levels than even before the War. It has principally injured corn, hay and other feed crops. The price of corn is jumping, to be sure, but this is not of much use to the farmers, since most of them do not sell corn for cash, but use it to sustain livestock. The immediate result may be to flood the markets with hogs, cattle and sheep which cannot be fed on the farm. More disastrous to future prosperity would be a reduction of dairy herds. The corn shortage is, of course, having a sympathetic effect on the price of wheat, since wheat is now so low that it can be fed to livestock instead of being sold for human consumption. But the price of wheat cannot rise enough to yield a profit to most of the growers without getting above the feed level.

THE administration has shown good sense in declaring that no embargoes will be placed on Russian products except those proved to have involved convict labor, and in lifting the embargoes placed on lumber and pulpwood by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman unless better proof of the use of convict labor in loading them can be provided. The propaganda of the small groups of American producers and the scaremongers did not work. An amusing feature of the whole incident is that in this controversy the Russian Soviet government was found on the same side with great capitalist interests in this country, such as the Chase Bank, United States Steel, the International Paper Company and many similar enterprises, while against them were minor business interests and bourgeois spokesmen of labor. And, to confuse the situation more completely, the alarmist position of Matthew Woll was specifically opposed by a statement from William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, who expressed the attitude subsequently adopted by the administration. What does this do to the oversimplified theory of the class struggle? We do not, of course, assume that our major business interests were not moved in this matter by considerations of profit. But, in addition, big industrialists must have many things in common, whether the regime under which they operate is called capitalist or communist.

FOR years, the Nationalist government in China has been trying to crush out Communism in the regions under its control. Hundreds of young men and women who were proved, or in some cases only suspected, to be local leaders of Communist agitation have been executed, and many more have been imprisoned. But these ruthless

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tactics have been as futile in China as they are everywhere else. The Communist movement continued to exist; it merely went underground. The present uprising in the Yangtse Valley, which is such a serious threat to the continuance of the Nanking government, is described as being under radical guidance. While it is obvious that some of the newspapermen and the spokesmen for Nanking are labeling the movement Red in order to create hostility toward it, there is no doubt that Communists are at least participating in it. Why should they not, in view of what Nanking has done to so many of their leaders?

THE present situation in central China is now, and will continue to be, one of chaos, and this fact is frankly recognized by everybody. No longer are demands being made by the powers that foreigners in the interior should be given a protection which is obviously impossible. Those in the zones of greatest danger are being advised to leave, and this is excellent advice. Many of them have gathered at points along the river where foreign gunboats are concentrated, so that they can be taken on board if an emergency arises. Should a few foreigners be killed, as is not at all unlikely, there is no one to whom their governments can make an effective protest. Nanking would be quite willing to have the foreigners attempt the hopeless task of finding and punishing the guilty persons; and the revolutionists would laugh at any reproof from a quarter so remote. The day when the foreigner could insist on special protection in China, even when he got in the way of a civil war, is past.

THE electric utilities seem to be completely incapable of wooing public opinion. With a considerable preliminary flourish of trumpets, the New York Edison Company was reported to be about to prepare a voluntary and considerable rate reduction. And so it did—a reduction from seven to five cents a kilowatt hour. But there was a string tied to the concession—the company added a fixed charge of sixty cents a month for all domestic consumers, regardless of the amount of current they might use. The new rate schedule would thus bring increases to more persons than would benefit by the decrease. The increases would in most cases be slight, to be sure, but nevertheless the action could scarcely be popular. There is something to be said, on grounds of sound economic policy, for a fixed charge to all consumers which will cover the cost of providing service, reading meters, etc. But the important thing is so to cut the cost of current that everyone will use more, and there will be few paying as little as the minimum. On the basis of present use, the company would lose some revenue if the new schedule went into effect, but ought not the lower rate to increase consumption? Is the minimum charge really necessary at this juncture? If the rates were made low enough and use were correspondingly enlarged, could not a reasonable minimum be fixed which would increase the charge to only a few and cause hardship to none?

Will Hoover Discredit the Experts?

FOR YEARS politicians have been criticized by scholars because they ignored the contributions which science might make to the complex task of government. They went off half-cocked, or, worse still, adopted measures or failed to adopt them without reference to the soundness of the measures in question, but for lowly reasons like conciliating special interests, consolidating political machines or giving the mob a good show. It was one of the chief campaign merits of Mr. Hoover, in the eyes of the intelligent, that he promised to utilize the best brains available. Faced by a problem, he would appoint a commission and abide by its advice. He understood the language of research. At last the budding social sciences would have an opportunity to make the contribution to the American commonwealth which they believed they were fitted to make.

President Hoover has not, superficially at least, failed to live up to his promise. One of his first official acts was to appoint a commission to investigate the administration of justice. He created a commission on the use of public lands in the West. He sugared the tariff pill by saying that he would strengthen and use the official commission to revise bad rates. He has an unofficial committee to advise him on economic changes and on producing "industrial equilibrium." He called together business, farm and labor leaders to help cope with the depression. He has appointed a committee of eminent sociologists to report on social changes. The Federal Farm Board is, in a sense, an aggregation of experts with a wide mandate to accomplish agricultural relief. And he goes on appointing commissions—one of the latest being for the purpose of recommending improvements in unemployment statistics. In a sense this activity is not new; there have been plenty of expert investigations under preceding administrations. But never have they been so headlined as a calculated policy. There is no doubt that Mr. Hoover will be celebrated, both by friend and by foe, as the commission President.

There are increasing signs that the country is becoming restive under this type of government. Mr. Hoover's political opponents are preparing to attack him on this ground. It is said that he dodges his executive responsibilities by turning them over to others—often to others who have no official standing. The commissions either produce bad results or do not produce any. We suffer from de-

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pression, from a continuation of the prohibition controversy, from all kinds of troubles; while the experts investigate, nothing is done. Even from disinterested and scholarly quarters complaint begins to arise. James Truslow Adams, in the current issue of Harper's, links Mr. Hoover's attempt to stabilize industry with the effort of the former administration to maintain what this historian calls an artificial "presidential prosperity." Mr. Adams questions whether it is wise for political government to assume such intimate connection with the course of the stock market and the state of business.

The Hoover administration may, in popular estimation, turn out to be a failure. There is a real danger that, if it does, it will carry down with it the newly acquired good repute of the expert. Social science may be set back years in its ambition to have some influence over practical affairs. Such an outcome would be calamitous indeed. If the country goes to the dogs under an unregenerate politician, if the faces of those in power are set against the scientist, it is unfortunate for the scientist as well as for the country, but at least he can shrug his shoulders and say how much better things would have been if his counsel had been sought. He can go on working in seclusion, while he prepares for the day of popular redemption. But if science is, in public estimation, made an ally of government, and government fails to give any better satisfaction than before, or even puts on a worse performance, the path of the untutored "practical man" will be made easy for years to come. Science may remonstrate in vain; its reputation will have been punctured.

What is responsible for this danger, and how can it be avoided?

The fault, of course, is in the first instance Mr. Hoover's own. In spite of his pretensions, he does not really make use of the best that science has to offer. Again and again he distorts statistics; in controversial issues of importance he tries to find support for what he wants to believe instead of trying to discover the truth. Though he pretends that he is going to provide a scientific revision of the tariff through a governmental commission, he begins by ignoring the united protest of the economists against the Smoot-Hawley Bill itself. He avoids decisions which he fears might make him unpopular, and in doing so he sometimes makes an unjustified use of the investigation. Whether the country is satisfied with prohibition is not a question to put up to a research agency. It was well to create a commission on the administration of justice, but not to confuse this commission's work and undermine its reputation by dumping the Wet-Dry controversy into its lap.

Akin to this tendency is another. Instead of executing the recommendation of a commission, he sometimes substitutes the report for the accomplishment, and when he is overtaken by the consequences of failure to act, he simply inaugurates more research. Take, for example, the unemployment situation. In 1922, President Harding's conference on unemployment, under the leadership of Mr. Hoover, led to an investigation and expert report. Among the conclusions clearly to be drawn from this report were two which demanded comprehensive governmental action. We ought to have a coördinated national system of free employment exchanges, both as a means of organizing the labor market and as a way of having a continual check on the amount of unemployment. We ought to have long-range planning of public works, so that we could increase construction promptly when a depression threatened. Although Mr. Hoover has been continuously in office from 1922 to the present, the 1929 depression caught us without either of these instrumentalities. Congress has met and adjourned during this depression, and the fight for both was undertaken, not by Mr. Hoover, but by a Democratic Senator—Mr. Wagner of New York. The President's action was of the usual ineffective emergency nature; so far as anything he has done is concerned, any remedy for a future crisis must also be undertaken on the spur of the moment. And what is his most recent act? He has appointed another commission to advise him on the improvement of unemployment statistics.

Science, it is true, never reaches final conclusions; it can always discover more, and modify previous discoveries, by undertaking more inquiry. No one could object to the most insistent urge for more and better truth. But there is a necessary interplay between theory and practice, if either is to advance. Theory must be tested by experiment; experiment must be guided by theory. This is particularly true in the social sciences and in the development of society. The building of social institutions is above all a learning process—and a learning process is one of experimentation and habituation, not simply one of cognition. Action is essential to find out what we can do and the best way of doing it. Social science itself would die for lack of nourishment if there were no practice to analyze. And if it were theoretically possible for a monastic group of cognoscenti in some secluded laboratory to arrive at a perfected program for society, they would be utterly powerless to put it into effect, so long as human beings had not begun the practice of its first steps. Social control of our chaotic civilization can never be achieved unless we attempt repeated experiments on the basis of partially undemonstrated conclusions.

Why then, someone may ask, do you object to such a bold experiment as that of the Federal Farm Board? For here Mr. Hoover has not only not hesitated to act; he has acted to the point of rashness. Perhaps this experiment is better than none; we shall certainly learn something from it. But in this case our complaint is the converse of that in the preceding paragraph—the action did not make use of the best in theory. Like many a hesitant and muddy thinker, Mr. Hoover, when he was pushed into action, acted on extremely dubious as-

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sumptions. The best farm economists have long believed that farmers cannot on the whole benefit from a protective-tariff policy, that restriction of farm output cannot be brought about by voluntary action, that emergency price stabilization will not work so long as there is a constant tendency to overproduction of farm staples in America, that it is extremely doubtful whether farmers' coöperation will profit by stimulation from the top. Yet the Hoover agricultural program rests on the negation of each of these conclusions.

The social sciences have found in President Hoover an unfaithful, a weak and an inept ally. Yet, even if he had been everything they could desire, they might well quail at the sort of test to which a close alliance with government would put them at this stage of their development and in the present state of public opinion. The credit of science is, on the whole, higher than it deserves. Even the more exact physical sciences do not provide magic for the solution of every difficulty, and most of the social disciplines are still far from the goal of a system of verifiable and trustworthy conclusions. There are a multitude of questions of fact and theory concerning which reputable social scientists disagree; disagreement is still more prevalent about questions of policy. If the nonexpert looks to the scientist as a sage whose advice, if followed, would lead promptly into the promised land, he is due for a sad disillusionment. One of the worst features of the publicity which the scientist is now receiving is that it does not fairly represent his own cautions and doubts.

It is high time, in our opinion, for the conscientious experts to make clear, by every means at their disposal, that they do not intend to stand or fall by the success of the Hoover administration. They should, as individuals or as groups, vigorously dispute his conclusions or oppose his policies, whenever they disagree with him. They need not decline to coöperate with him whenever he asks their advice, but in doing so they ought to employ every means in their power to avoid being used as scapegoats for inaction or mistaken action. And they should explicitly point out the tentative character of their conclusions, so that he may not protect himself with the mantle of their reputed infallibility. Science must not, if the scientists can help it, be chained to the chariot of Mr. Hoover's political adventure.

Britain Says Yes and No

OF ALL the answers to M. Briand's proposal for a European Federal Union, the long British statement was by far the most interesting. For, among the twenty-seven European nations belonging to the League, Great Britain is in the most difficult situation with regard to the French suggestions. She can neither be for 'em or agin 'em. She cannot wholeheartedly join the European Union without offending her overseas dominions; she cannot remain wholly outside it without the danger of having new tariff barriers erected against her. She cannot allow the European Union to succeed, yet it offers so much promise of improving economic conditions on the Continent—and thereby improving her own trade and finance—that she cannot allow it to fail. And so, in her long yes-and-no to M. Briand, she steered a delicate course between Charybdis and the other fatal reef.

During the discussion which followed the publication of her reply, it became evident that the whole story was not told in the official document. It was based, so diplomats revealed, on another document of semi-official character, a confidential memorandum from Sir Arthur Salter, director of the financial and economic section of the League of Nations Secretariat. This was intended for the British foreign office, but it was circulated also among the French, German, Italian and Japanese officials of the Secretariat, and finally came into the hands of the Geneva correspondent of The New York Times.

His summary reveals that the memorandum is in some ways a much more important document than the British official answer itself. Here at last we are given a complete statement of the British attitude toward a possible federation of all the European states. That the statement has weight—that it is largely endorsed by the Foreign Office—is shown by the fact that about half of the British answer to M. Briand's proposal is little more than a summary of what was said by Sir Arthur Salter.

He asserts, in the memorandum, that with the growth of large-scale production, "the dangers resulting from the great disparity between the great unit of the United States and the small ones of Europe become more evident." There is a constantly increasing need for united European economic action. But this action, Sir Arthur says, should be taken by the League of Nations itself and not by a separate European Union. Such a union would expensively duplicate the work of the League; it would draw to itself the best personnel, leaving the League "a mere shell"; and finally it would give "a powerful impulse" toward the organization of the world into a few large continental or imperial groups—Europe, the two Americas, the British Empire, and perhaps Russia backed by Asia.

What should then be the British attitude toward the formation of a European Federal Union? Sir Arthur advises a boring-from-within policy, by which Great Britain would be associated with the other powers, at least during the earlier stages:

> By joining she exerts her influence in securing the developing both of organization and policy compatible with the essentials of universal interests. Great Britain is an indispensable intermediary between the European and the world point of view. If she stands out, either the European organization will collapse and a movement which has possibilities of great benefit will be

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thrown away, or it will succeed, in which case dangerous elements will be less restrained and Britain will be pushed irrevocably into a "transatlantic and imperial" sphere of thought and policy—one fatal impediment to the universal system. But from the inside she would be in a strong position to make her influence effective without losing her right of dissociation.

Great Britain, in other words, is unalterably opposed to a Pan-Europe existing in opposition to a Pan-America and perhaps to the British Empire as well. In the creation of such a Europe, she sees the promise of future wars more ruinous than the last. She does not insist, however, on the maintenance of a system by which the Continent is divided into groups of hostile states. There is no mention of the balance of power. Instead, Great Britain favors a "universal system" under guidance of the League; and she favors inter-European coöperation under the same control. Her plans for the future of Europe are less ambitious than M. Briand's, but perhaps, under present circumstances, they will be easier to carry out.

The Radio and Education

FROM the beginning of radio, ten years ago, high hopes have been held out for its use in education. We were told then, as we are told now, that this marvelous device will prove a mighty tool in teaching old and young. Yet in ten years' time so little progress has been made that it is scarcely visible to the naked eye. Most of the attempts which have been made in the meantime to use the radio in education, in the United States, have failed for one reason or another and have been abandoned.

This failure should not be mourned with too much vehemence. Other means of education continue to be used, and, however unsatisfactory they may be to the idealist, they are probably more efficient, and certainly more universally employed, than ever before. The radio is a valuable medium for entertainment, and its use in that field is not to be despised. Moreover, the present trend of educational theory is away from learning by mere sitting back and listening—all that the radio has thus far been able to provide. It may prove to be true, as Miss Katherine Ludington of the National League of Women Voters believes, that the ultimate serious function of the radio is as a substitute for the old-fashioned New England town meeting, rather than the classroom.

Yet the radio undoubtedly has some definite possibilities as an educational force, as is proved by the successful experience of European countries. The failure in the United States is partly due to the fact that we have turned over this device to private interests which exploit it purely for making money. The pretense that radio is conducted in the public interest is no more genuine, in America, than is the similar pretense in the case of the newspaper or popular magazine, both of which are private business institutions existing in order to sell advertising space wherein merchants and others may seek to change the buying habits of the general population. The radio broadcasters hardly consider at all what, from the public standpoint, ought to be sent over the etherial waves; they consider only what is to their own greatest immediate advantage to disseminate. It is true that not every moment of every program is paid for by someone with goods to sell; there are also what are called "sustaining programs," supplied by the stations or chains of stations. While some of this material is excellent of its kind, on the whole only the musical parts of the programs are to be taken seriously; the broadcasters are inferior as a group, in traditions and general culture, to the newspaper and magazine editors, and they are terrorized by the size and the supposed low mental level of their audiences.

Under these circumstances, we are perhaps fortunate to get anything at all which can be labeled educational; and as a matter of fact, if we take at its face value the record of what is being done, it is not unimpressive. Dr. H. Robinson Shipherd, a member of the committee recently set up by Dr. Wilbur to study this question, estimates that one thousand hours of educational broadcasting are done every day from America's 600 radio stations, which means about 15 percent of the total time they use. More than sixty colleges own broadcasting stations and an equal number make regular use of facilities owned by someone else. There are several "schools of the air" in various parts of the country, which operate for an hour a day or an hour a week. Mr Walter Damrosch's programs of musical appreciation are heard in 150,000 schoolrooms and the number of listeners is soberly estimated at 5,000,000. But these statements must be regarded with great skepticism. The commercial broadcasters are incorrigible in labeling as "educational" everything on the air which cannot readily be pigeonholed in any other category. Much which they so describe is plain journalism, like the progress reports on the London naval conference, or else comes under the head of personal advice, ranging all the way down to household hints. Even when a college owns a broadcasting station, the characteristic history as given by Mr. Levering Tyson in his brochure, "Education Tunes In," is one of enthusiastic beginnings followed by doubt and disappointment and ending in failure. The chief function now fulfilled by many of these radio stations is to disseminate propaganda designed to compel the state legislature to contribute liberally to the university's support. The courses formerly given over the air were a hodgepodge of badly assorted odds and ends, which did not

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add up into anything whatever. Funds have been lacking to pay lecturers, so that it has been necessary to call for volunteers. Their enthusiasm has outrun their desirability in many cases, and usually even the eagerness to face the microphone has evaporated after a few weeks' experience has demonstrated that few if any people are listening.

Educational broadcasting has been treated with brutal indifference both by the Federal Radio Commission and the commercial broadcasters. The Commission has been reluctant to give adequate power or desirable channels to stations owned by educational institutions. The broadcasters who have loaned their facilities have hardly ever donated time which they could sell to anybody else, and the educational work has therefore been done at bad hours, when there are few listeners. No one in this country has inquired into the technique of teaching by radio. No serious attempt has been made to study the listeners and see just what they get out of the material dumped upon them.

Mr. Tyson, in his book, makes a list of the outstanding educational activities by radio in the United States, and it is pathetic. There are, it is true, some fine programs, such as those of the National League of Women Voters and the Foreign Policy Association, but these are devoted largely to the discussion of current events, and can be called educational only by an elastic use of that term. Aside from them, the roster consists chiefly of scattered talks on nature-lore or astronomy or anything else which happens to interest some enthusiast sufficiently so that he is willing to take the time and trouble to go before the microphone more or less regularly and talk about it. All the brave attempts of a few years ago to broadcast whole courses in all sorts of subjects, to give examinations to listeners, and even to extend college or high-school credit to those who passed successfully—these schemes have come to nothing.

This failure in the United States, as we have said, is the more humiliating when it is compared with the success achieved in education by radio in Europe, and notably in Great Britain and Germany. In both these countries broadcasting is a government monopoly and a strictly controlled one. The English owner of a radio set pays an annual license fee of $2.50 and this provides a large revenue out of which musicians and speakers are paid for their appearances before the microphone. In 1929, the sum thus available was $4,200,000. The educational activities are directed by a distinguished committee, and the actual results are checked as carefully as possible. Several magazines are published for listeners, and these carry the printed material which supplements the lectures. In many communities "group listening" is practised. A number of people meet, hear a radio speaker, and then talk the matter over among themselves. Courses are given each year in a wide range of subjects, and they constitute in effect a popular university of the air. Much attention is also paid to formal academic work; last year more than 2,300 schools used the radio as a part of their regular instruction.

In Germany and Austria, the effort is equally intelligent and comprehensive. Radio in both these countries is closely connected with the libraries and museums, and their resources, both as to personnel and information, have been drawn upon heavily In Austria they even give "illustrated lectures" on the air, the drawings or photographs being published in special periodicals and distributed in advance by mail.

The same story can be told of other parts of Europe. The Scandinavian countries do a large amount of educational broadcasting. In Russia, with her large illiterate population, the radio is Moscow's chief reliance for the dissemination of news, general information and, of course, the unceasing flow of Communist propaganda. There are only four countries in all Europe which have tried, even half-heartedly, to follow the American example and permit people with something to sell to monopolize the air. These are the Netherlands, Belgium, France and Spain, and in none of these does radio play any important part in the life of the people.

It has been assumed, in the United States, that the radio must be left in private hands because that means "individual initiative," the American way of doing things. But whatever may be true in other fields of endeavor, in that of broadcasting this theory is working badly. It is ridiculous that into 12,000,000 homes should come, for several hours each evening, information and amusement dictated by the manufacturers of tooth paste, soap, ginger ale and gasoline, and circumscribed both by their intellectual limitations and their greed. When you add to this the ultra-conservatism, timidity and lack of initiative of the broadcasters themselves, you have a situation which urgently needs reconsideration. Broadly speaking, the radio in America is going to waste. How shall it be salvaged—and by whom?

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Free Trade Ebbs in England

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN used to say that three years of bad trade would drive England into Protection. He was a man of quick action, and he underestimated our national inertia. We have had nine years of bad trade, and still we resist. But the slow current which was carrying us away from Free Trade is today a rising tide. We have nearly two million unemployed, and for the first time in history, German exports exceed ours. That is the whole explanation. We are not reasoning about it: we are a nation gripped by fear. Labor has failed, pitiably and undeniably, to cope with this scourge: the last hope of the average man is gone, and he turns, or he inclines to turn, not overconfidently, to the one advertised expedient that remains untried.

The symptoms of the drift are unmistakable. It began, of course, in the Tory party, which has always been protectionist, at heart, though many a sharp electioneering lesson has taught it prudence. Mr. Baldwin, who is a serviceable barometer, began to move, at first spontaneously, in this direction immediately after the general election. Then came the revolt of the two peers of Fleet Street. How far my lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere had really persuaded themselves that Empire Free Trade (which means a customs union within the Empire, and a general tariff against the rest of the world) is possible, I will not inquire. Cynical persons suspect that personal and professional grievances inclined them to tilt against the Tory party, with the immediate object of upsetting Mr. Baldwin. Their success caused general surprise. They soon had a great mass following, including some of Mr. Baldwin's colleagues, a few members of Parliament and more candidates. At first the party machine resisted, with a show of contempt. It told them what everyone knew, that the dominions, which have their own growing industries to foster, will never open their doors wide to British manufactures. It added that the British housewife will never, while she has a vote, permit her food to be taxed. Neither argument nor ridicule seemed to check this unreasoning movement, and Mr. Baldwin, though from time to time he hurled personal attacks at the two peers, began to compromise. He would "safeguard" every depressed industry (he used to except iron and steel); he would guarantee British farmers a remunerative price for their wheat: he would even offer Empire Free Trade to the dominions; but he would not impose food taxes without a referendum. This dodge Lord Beaverbrook at first accepted, but Lord Rothermere stood firm, and soon they were in line again, in remorseless opposition. No one really knows today where Mr. Baldwin stands. He may have dropped the referendum: at all events he is silent about it. The Tory party has not this year held its annual convention. Its wiser members dread food taxes, but the dispute is only over tactics and leaders. To an advanced policy of protection it is now committed, and the only question is whether it will choose a stronger leader than Mr. Baldwin.

The next move took place outside the political arena. First chambers of commerce, and then the powerful Federation of British Industries, declared for Protection. Even in Manchester a poll of manufacturers and merchants showed a large majority for it, though not in the full "Rotherbrook" form. We were next startled by the famous manifesto of the bankers in favor of Protection in its extremest form. Among the signers were directors of all the leading banks, beginning with the Bank of England, and of most of the big financial houses. Among them, to the general amazement, was Mr. Reginald McKenna, for many years a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a man whose annual addresses on questions of currency and credit stamp him as the clearest and boldest thinker in the City. These bankers are still a minority, and a counterblast from the orthodox majority may soon be published. None the less, the effect of this breach in the unanimity of the City is immense: conservative in everything, the City had hitherto clung obstinately to the venerable tradition of Free Trade. The banker is today more than ever the veiled autocrat, for a syndicate of all the leading banks is financing the rationalization of our depressed staple industries. That involves a centralized control by finance over industry to which history shows no parallel. If the banks were unanimous, they could dictate.

If this were the whole story, the political outlook would seem to favor Protection. The Labor government, save in its foreign policy, has disappointed all its friends. It is kept in office only because no other party dare face the two problems of India and unemployment. At the by-elections the Tory vote remains about the level of the general election, but the Labor vote shows a catastrophic decline. At the next general election it might conceivably save itself and Free Trade by a close alliance with the Liberals. To that, however, there are obstacles, perhaps insuperable obstacles. Neither party likes the idea of an alliance, formal or even informal. Labor will not concede the just demands of the Liberals for electoral reform. Mr. Lloyd George, whether for this reason, or because he resents the blistering negations of Mr. Snowden, who vetoes every suggestion for dealing with unemployment, varies his general support of the gov-

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ernment by an occasional attempt to upset it. No one trusts him, not even his own party. But in addition to all these obstacles to alliance, there now appears another. Labor is no longer solid for Free Trade.

Until the other day Labor was almost as unanimous for our traditional policy of free imports as the Liberals were. Socialists who use words carefully would, of course, deny that they believed in Free Trade. Historically that doctrine is part of the philosophy of *laissez faire*, which even the Liberals have thrown over. Socialists believe in the social control of industry and trade, and can have no reason of principle for excepting imports from control. None the less, until the other day, none of them ever did propose to regulate imports. Even in protectionist Germany, the Socialists continue to make a feeble resistance to tariffs. In England the power of this Liberal tradition is due partly to habit, partly to a dislike of nationalism and imperialism, but chiefly to a concentration of thinking on the interests of the consumer. The older generation was formed in the Coöperative movement, and envisaged Utopia as a glorified coöperative store, supplied by coöperative factories, to which one would journey in municipal tramways driven by municipal electricity. Everything in this paradise would be fantastically cheap, and it went without saying that tariffs would raise prices. In that school Philip Snowden was brought up, and to Free Trade he clings with all the almost religious tenacity of the old-world Liberal. A great part of the party is still with him, all the coöperators, most of the women, many of the older leaders.

But in two opposite directions new tendencies have appeared—among the Trade Unionists, and among the younger Socialists. The General Council of the Trade Union Congress startled us all the other day by publishing a report on this subject which the Congress will probably endorse. It is a vague and inconclusive document, which probably did not mean all that the press summaries read into it. It was not a conscious surrender to the "Rotherbrook" movement. In fact, it probably shows the influence of Lord Melchett (Sir Alfred Mond), a much more scientific protectionist. Its thinking is so muddy that it defies exact summary. This, however, one may say of it: it quietly abandons the whole traditional position of Free Trade. It argues, or rather asserts, that Britain dare no longer remain isolated. It rejects M. Briand's United States of Europe, and concludes that the "Empire" is the only "group" with which England can form a close economic union. To achieve this, it calls for the creation of a standing economic council representing the whole Empire. That is its only concrete proposal, but an appendix contains a paragraph which reads like a general defense of tariffs: at all events the leaders of the Trade Union movement have no longer any insuperable objection to tariffs. Free Trade with these men was little more than a habit; Protection is now a fashion. But to conclude from this document that there is any determination in this section of the movement to follow any sharply defined protectionist policy would be a mistake. It has not thought out its position: nothing is clear save that it is dissatisfied with Free Trade. Behind this hesitating memorandum one must conjure up a picture of the bewilderment of the average Trade Union member in the stricken trades, and the despair of the two million unemployed.

The case of the Socialist Left Wing is in sharp contrast to this vagueness. It is thinking, and up to a point its intentions are sharply defined. The Guild movement did not convince the majority of British Socialists that its plans for the reorganization of industry were practicable or desirable, and it is all but extinct. But it left as its permanent legacy a new orientation. The old one-sided stress on the consumer and his interests was corrected: men became conscious of their dignity and interest as producers. The movement outgrew the old helpless idea that industries should be socialized piecemeal, one after the other, in any order of convenience, as they became "ripe" for the change. The younger generation is now thinking of industry as an organism, whose growth and functions are regulated by certain key services and trades, which control it much as the ductless glands control the body. In the new strategy the aim is to seize these key services for the community and through them to control industry. Banking is usually put first; the supply of raw materials second.

In all this one sees the experience of wartime, with its immense experiments in the practical technique of control. With raw materials in its own hands (notably wool) the state could and did effectually control, not prices alone, but all the conditions of manufacture. Other possibilities opened out. One could stabilize prices, partly by building up reserves, partly by making long-term contracts with the organized producers. The consumer would gain through the economy of large handling, centralized buying and insurance, coördinated transport and storage. The gambler and the middleman would be eliminated. The business of importing wheat, wool, cotton and the like would be conducted by a disinterested monopoly, on business lines and without bureaucratic red tape, but equally without private profit. This plan can readily be used to foster British agriculture. It would probably be easy to pay a steady and remunerative price for British wheat, even with the world price at its present figure—a figure at which wheat cannot be cultivated profitably in England. With stable prices and orderly marketing, many other desirable reforms would become possible in the milling and baking trades. One sees that the farmer may gain, and yet the consumer will not lose.

Here for the first time was a Socialist policy which broke with the tradition of Free Trade and free imports. It should not raise the cost of living. It need not alarm the frugal housewife. Moreover,

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it offered the dominions a secure market and stable prices. It was outlined first by Mr. E. F. Wise, who as a civil servant had a wide experience in war-time controls. The Independent Labor party adopted it with enthusiasm, and several years later the Labor party itself officially endorsed it at the Margate Conference in 1926. It figured briefly in the election program.

How far was this a genuine conversion? It is very hard to say. Philip Snowden, the unbending conservative of the party, is, of course, against it. Mr. MacDonald rather likes it, but as usual will take no risks and do no pioneering. Mr. Thomas, caring nothing for principles or theories, sees in it the making of a good business deal with the dominions. Its authors had no idea of proposing exclusive dealings with the dominions, but assuredly they would come first, if only because they have organized export. The Tories, though they prefer the method of tariffs, are less hostile than one might expect. Only two Liberals are decidedly opposed. And so the Cabinet vacillates, and may go on vacillating. An arrangement on these lines at the coming Imperial Conference might be popular. But can it silence Mr. Snowden? And dare it risk the loss of Liberal support?

For the rest, the policy of the Left Wing still awaits final definition. It dislikes tariffs, but it would flatly prohibit the import of sweat-shop products. It might in some trades, e. g. cotton, create a central organization for export as well as import, with some element of public control. That policy (though without any adequate control) is embodied for coal in the marketing scheme of the government's bill. Some suggest that, where import boards and natural bulk purchase are an unsuitable method, the volume of imports be controlled by licenses. By regulating their flow, prices could be moved, upwards or downwards. Industries capable of expansion might be assisted by limiting the yearly total of competing imports, subject to conditions which might bear on prices, quality and even wages. This is assuredly a powerful and elastic method, but have we the honesty to use it scientifically?

Labor opinion, to sum up, is fluid and in process of defining itself. It is breaking with the traditions of Free Trade, but on the whole it is opposed to tariffs. It is moving towards much subtler methods of control. It shows several divergent tendencies, but as yet no split. It has its imperialists and its internationalists. It has its conservatives and its radicals, its tacticians and its theorists. What it lacks is creative leadership. For want of that, the drift away from Free Trade may spell a Tory victory, and a plunge into the crude economics and childlike sentiment of the Lords of Fleet Street.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Gangsters and Politicians in Detroit

The Situation which Lay Behind the Buckley Murder

DETROIT is paying the penalty for its negligence. The tomb of Gerald E. Buckley, whither tens of thousands have tramped to testify their conviction of his martyrdom, is the melancholy monument to a citizenship that fell asleep.

The obvious facts are these: In November, 1929, Detroit elected a mayor, Charles Bowles. On July 22 last, Detroit recalled Mr. Bowles from that office. Within an hour or so after the last returns had been announced—in fact, at half past one in the morning—Jerry Buckley, "political commentator" for a local radio station, a champion of the recall and foe of the underworld, was shot to death as he sat in the lobby of a hotel.

The Buckley murder was the eleventh so-called gangster killing in Detroit within two weeks, but he was also the first "white man" to be "put on the spot." Previous murders, excepting the attempt last January on the life of a police inspector, have been confined to an Italian group and may have been due to an imported Sicilian domestic feud. Buckley's murder marked the added and anticipated step of the paid-killer era, which troubles the land, and proved also the unsoundness of the "dog eat dog" policy which police authorities say spells eventual self-extermination of the gangster.

Probably 100,000 persons passed through the modest Buckley home to view the slain man. Almost as many attended the funeral, which was the largest seen in Detroit since that accorded the celebrated mayor and governor, Hazen Pingree. The newspapers have not columns enough in which to print the letters expressing the popular horror and indignation; a memorial fund is being subscribed by the self-styled "common herd" in tribute to a man who fought energetically for old-age pensions, for jobs for needy families, and for every form of humanitarian relief. The mails are filled with memorial poems which, whatever their other limitations, set forth a vast sense of personal loss and a contemptuous anger at the failure of the police to bring the assassins, and those behind them, to justice.

But the significant fact is that the Buckley slaying was the logical climax of preceding events,

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although it arrived after the tide of Detroit's political fortune had turned. The shots of the slayers were almost a dramatic necessity as the "curtain" for such a campaign as was waged here, and for such a chapter of lawlessness as had been read into local history. But the tremendous demoralization of city government caused by looseness, ignorance, incapacity and selfishness had already been recognized by an alarmed citizenship. The offending regime, so young in months, already was doomed.

Charles Bowles is one of those inadequate men whom destiny occasionally chooses for tragi-comic relief. He was born inconspicuously in Yale, Michigan, and came into local politics from nowhere. Twice defeated for mayor, although ardently supported by the Ku Klux Klan, he obtained a place on the bench of the recorder's court. He was reëlected to this position, but resigned it to make the race for mayor in a three-sided primary. The incumbent, John C. Lodge, was eliminated, and Bowles defeated a former mayor, John W. Smith.

As soon as he became mayor it became apparent that Mr. Bowles, sipping at the sweets of power, was cradling large ambitions. Under the charter the mayor's office is non-partisan. Mr. Bowles began to build up a branch Republican machine, and in that process the well integrated units of public service began to fall apart. He made his chief blunder at the very start. He chose for commissioner of public works a man whose previous activity in public office had left him thoroughly distrusted by the public, a man who had been obliged to resign the police commissionership in a former administration to save his chief, the mayor, from defeat in reëlection.

This man who, meanwhile, had built up a substantial fortune in business, was John Gillespie. From the very day he took office until the day he abruptly resigned, following the recall, Gillespie was known as "commissioner of the works." He was the administration, and all those who knew their way around waited at his door.

The town, moreover, was running pretty much as it liked. Mayor Bowles had campaigned on the platform that the police department needed a shaking up. On his election, William P. Rutledge, a man who had come up from the ranks, resigned his position as police commissioner as a matter of course. At the head of the police service was a group of men, several of them contemporary with Rutledge, but many of them at or beyond retiring age. A clean sweep was made of all of them, and a well known lawyer, Harold H. Emmons, was named commissioner. The Emmons appointment was the only one made by Bowles which really commanded public respect. It was made at the request of an informal committee of citizens and before the advent of "the Gillespie" to power.

Police Commissioner Emmons returned from a business trip to meet the rising anger of a community that was fast preparing to take drastic measures. Mayor Bowles went to the Kentucky Derby with a party organized by "the Gillespie." Emmons promptly launched his raids on the gamblers, and the familiar haunts began to "go dark." But when Bowles and Mr. Gillespie returned from the races, the mayor promptly fired Commissioner Emmons, replacing him with Thomas C. Wilcox, as futile a man as was Bowles himself.

Mr. Wilcox, who had been a master-sleuth and criminal-catcher of the Department of Justice, became Mr. Bowles's police commissioner, and was prompt to warn the gangster world that "Detroit is going to get the best blankety blank cleaning of its life."

Nevertheless, things went on as before. The News and The Free Press continued to call attention to open law violations and unsavory conditions. Former supporters of Mr. Bowles drew away, non-political well-wishers became shocked and the voice of indignant criticism became a loud and swelling chorus. But somewhere out of that chorus, at first vague and shifting, then suddenly firm and positive, there emerged the word "Recall."

Doubtless, somewhere there was some single voice, possibly not wholly disinterested, which first made the word decisively audible. But unquestionably there were many thousands who echoed it spontaneously, and the recall committee, not entirely composed of the best minds of the community, but containing several respectable names, went to work.

The campaign itself set a record, probably nation-wide, not only for its bitterness, but for the lavish employment of the radio, and for the mud two of the opposing speakers slung at each other over the air. While Mayor Bowles and former Commissioner Emmons were passing the lie to each other, the brunt of the actual contest was borne by Gillespie, fighting for the mayor, and Robert Oakman, veteran political dilettante, fighting for recall. Mr. Gillespie hired an army of workers and a squadron of automobiles was marshaled to carry voters. When Mr. Gillespie came to pay up, after the battle was lost, the amount of the bill for defending Mayor Bowles and himself nearly reached, it is said, the sum of $100,000. He then suddenly resigned with the words that he was "sick and tired of the whole mess." He added that the vote for recall indicated that the public endorsed charges against him.

But the news of the recall count, exciting though it was, was drowned out by the noise of the shots that killed Jerry Buckley, who had just finished his night's work of announcing the returns.

Buckley was born in Detroit. He was the son of a horseshoer, who became editor of The Horseshoers' Journal. He worked his way through college and distinguished himself both in studies and athletics. He worked here and there as jobs of-

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fered, and in time graduated from a law school. He sold real estate, became interested in government work and was engaged by the bureau of intelligence of the Internal Revenue Department. At one time he did social-service work for the Ford Motor Company, and often told friends that the knowledge he gained in that work made him the relentless enemy of racketeers and gamblers.

He certainly went after them when his radio announcing developed into editorial comment on affairs. During the recall campaign his speeches were the most pungent and devastating of any that went on the air. Several times his life was threatened, and on election night it is said that he had three bodyguards standing near him while he was at work.

His work done, he returned to the lobby of the hotel where he was staying, and took his seat in one of two chairs placed peculiarly and conspicuously together. The other chair was occupied. He chatted a few minutes and then began to read a paper. Three men entered. One stood aside while the other two went behind Buckley and pumped a stream of lead into him.

This dramatic climax to a notorious situation brought the Governor of the state and the Adjutant-General hurrying by airplane to Detroit. Commissioner Wilcox, when he was offered state aid, reported to the newspapermen that he told the Governor:

"We are doing very nicely."

Then happened one of the most inscrutable things in the whole queer story. The Hearst-owned Times, which had stood on the fence during the campaign, took occasion to say in its issue reporting the tragedy:

"Buckley also was known as an associate of underworld racketeers and had been accused many times of using the radio for blackmail."

Doubtless The Times has since regretted this unjust attack on a dead man, for the public rose in wrath and pilloried Buckley's defamers. But Commissioner Wilcox obviously was impressed, and had an idea. He announced that he was the fortunate possessor of an affidavit declaring Buckley had shaken down a man in the whiskey racket. Closely pressed by a News reporter and asked to submit the affidavit to a judge to establish its validity, Wilcox admitted that the document had no signature as yet. The following day he proclaimed he had obtained a signature. And the next day the signer, a self-confessed bootlegger, made a second affidavit in which he declared that he could not read English except very slowly, that he did not know the contents of the first affidavit, that he had signed it at the instigation of the commissioner, and at a time when he, the signer, thought he would be imprisoned if he did not sign. He added that personally he thought very highly of Buckley.

The evil genius which had accompanied Mr. Bowles all through his administration, managed to stay with him to the end. Arrests have been made. The centralized vice squad has been abolished and, as a consequence, hundreds of blind pigs were raided—proving, of course, that they had been in existence all the time and that the police knew where to find them. But neither the affidavit which Commissioner Wilcox worked so hard to obtain in order to destroy Buckley's character, nor the raiding of the blind pigs, has any relationship whatever to the capture of Buckley's slayers who, presumably, were imported killers and promptly disappeared.

Wilcox obviously was working on the theory which both he and Mayor Bowles have expounded, i.e., that if gangsters kill gangsters it is a good thing. A dangerous policy, for if murder is condoned it is only a short time before assassination becomes an accepted form of retribution. But from Wilcox's point of view, proof that Buckley was a racketeer would permit the theory to be applied, thus letting the police out.

The reasons for Buckley's slaying still remain as much a mystery as the identity of the man or men who hired the killers. There is a story that the job was done by two Italians, probably Sicilians, who had been arrested across the border some years ago and who had failed to get the release Buckley had promised them. The men recently were released. Buckley's character is scarcely the issue, however, and the majority of Detroit's citizens believe profoundly in his integrity, his high-mindedness and his devotion to humanitarian reform.

Detroit seeks today a big man to take up the burden. Under the state recall law Mr. Bowles is a candidate unless he withdraws. He may do so. If he does not, a split field carries the usual hazards. But the people are so alert, so determined, that it seems probable popular strength will be solidly piled behind the one best bet offered.

CYRIL ARTHUR PLAYER.

Detroit.

Surely, Grass Will Cover

The earth will crumble at last;
Then who will sing of love?
Death will hold us fast,
Oblivion will prove

How deftly the dim mind
Construed the witless plan
That would confound and blind
With beauty pitiful man.

Yet though the brain cry warning,
The eager heart from birth
Hears through the mists of morning
The bugles of the earth

Drawing lover to lover
That they may loose to die
What surely grass will cover
Past any bugle's cry.

HAROLD LEWIS COOK.

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The Peking Man

The announcement was made in Peking a few days ago by Dr. Davidson Black that another skull has been found similar in antiquity to that of the "Peking Man." The new discovery makes all the more important the earlier one, which is described in the following article by Professor McGregor of Columbia University.—THE EDITORS.

NEW DISCOVERIES of prehistoric man always have popular news interest. Reports of them are often distorted or exaggerated, but occasionally they are based upon finds of importance and permanent scientific value. The latest case, the discovery last December of an ancient human skull near Peking, has been widely heralded as marking a notable advance in our knowledge of early humanity. When Professor G. Elliot Smith of London acclaims this fossil as "certainly the most illuminating fragment of early man ever found," it may be assumed that it is something more than merely "another prehistoric skull," even though it should fall short of meriting this superlative characterization.

I shall attempt here to present briefly the more notable features of this discovery with a minimum of technical detail, to evaluate it in relation to present knowledge, and to answer some of the questions people are asking about it.

Some two years ago Dr. Davidson Black, professor of anatomy in the Peking Union Medical College, had the temerity, or the foresight, to establish a new genus and species of early man upon the meager basis of a lower molar tooth, found in 1927 in a cave deposit of the early Pleistocene age, at Chou Kou Tien, thirty-seven miles southwest of Peking. He called it *Sinanthropus pekinensis*—Chinese man of Peking. (Time will show whether the creation of a new genus was justified; at present there is difference of opinion on this point.) Some other human teeth had been found previously in the same deposit, and further excavations in 1928 and 1929 yielded additional ones as well as two fragments of lower jaws and a few small pieces of other skull bones, all showing certain primitive features. On December 2, 1929, Mr. W. C. Pei, a young Chinese paleontologist, on the staff of the Cenozoic Laboratory of the Geological Survey of China, found in this Chou Kou Tien deposit a human skull which unquestionably belongs to the same type. The skull is incomplete, lacking the facial region, but the brain case is uncrushed and almost intact.

One especially gratifying feature of the discovery is the completeness of its geological and paleontological documentation. In a preliminary report on the geology and paleontology of the Chou Kou Tien deposit, the authors, Père Teilhard de Chardin and Dr. C. C. Young, present abundant evidence for regarding it as belonging to very early Pleistocene (Basal Lower Quaternary), a period comparable to the very beginning of the Ice Age of Europe. The finding of human bones in a deposit proved to be so old as this is a discovery of the first magnitude in human paleontology. As the beginning of the Pleistocene period is variously estimated at from 500,000 to 1,200,000 years ago, a fair guess as to the age of the Peking man might be *perhaps upwards of a million years!* Associated with the human fossils are numerous mammalian bones of various species, which establish the geologic age, as they are clearly distinguishable from the species of the preceding Late Pliocene period, (Tertiary) and also from those of the subsequent loess, which is of Middle and Later Pleistocene age.

The fossilized bones are found in certain fissures at the base of low hills formed largely of limestone. In the days of *Sinanthropus* these were open clefts or caves, but during the course of ages they became gradually filled with deposits of red clay, limestone and bones, which finally became cemented together by secondary limestone infiltration. Some of the bones, even the human remains, may have been brought into these rock clefts by animals. As remarked by the authors of the report, "*Sinanthropus* itself may once have sheltered within the Chou Kou Tien cave;" but it is impossible to say definitely whether or not the Peking man was a cave dweller, and as there is complete absence of worked flints or other implements nothing whatsoever is yet known of his cultural status. The definite placing of *Sinanthropus* in the very early Pleistocene has important bearing on its possible relationship to other ancient types, for this skull may well be the oldest human fossil thus far found. It clearly antedates the Neanderthal race, and is apparently somewhat older than the Heidelberg man.

The Java "ape-man," *Pithecanthropus,* which was formerly believed by Dr. E. Dubois, who discovered it, to be of Late Tertiary age, is now rather generally regarded, upon strong evidence, as a fairly early Pleistocene form, which implies that it is no more ancient than the Peking man and perhaps not so old. The remains of the Piltdown "dawn man," *Eoanthropus,* found in England in 1911-13, are poorly documented as to geologic age, but are commonly held to be also Early or Middle Pleistocene; though Professor H. F. Osborn has recently advanced the opinion that this type lived as early as Late Pliocene time, which would make him an example of the long sought, but hitherto more or less hypothetical, Tertiary man. But whether older or

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more recent, the Piltdown type with its ape-like teeth and jaws, rounded cranium and absence of brow ridges, is not, in my opinion, so nearly related to Peking man as are *Pithecanthropus* and especially the Neanderthal species, but belongs to another and widely divergent branch of our family tree.

The discovery of human remains of such great antiquity in China, while highly important, is not in itself very surprising. Central Asia has long been regarded as the presumptive "cradle of humanity," as also of humanity's nearest relatives. Paleontology affords cogent evidence for this view which need not be reviewed here. Expeditions from the American Museum of Natural History have been diligently seeking man's ancestors in China and Mongolia for several years. The Neanderthal species, widely distributed through Europe, has recently (1925) been found as far eastward as Palestine. Flint implements, similar to those of the Mousterian (Neanderthal) culture of Europe, have been found in Shensi province in China near the upper Yellow River and also in the Ordos desert in Mongolia. Thus it appears probable that Neanderthal man may have been a widespread Eurasian race rather than limited to the western or European portion of that vast continent. For some years past I have frequently expressed the opinion that the discovery in Asia of Neanderthal man, or of a pre-neanderthaloid such as the Heidelberg race, would not be surprising. Therefore, the finding of *Sinanthropus,* which, as Professor Black truly says, "might well be regarded as pre-neanderthaloid in type," although a discovery of outstanding importance, can hardly be said to revolutionize our ideas regarding early man, but rather to confirm previous theories. The proving of a theory by new evidence is quite as important, and scientifically more constructive, than overturning it by similar means.

Fortunately, Professor Black and his colleagues, instead of witholding the details of their discovery until they could publish a complete description, have generously presented the facts in well illustrated preliminary reports. The skull, which was partly embedded in hard travertine, has been carefully freed from this matrix, and its main features are clearly exhibited in a series of life-sized photographs recently sent to this country. In size it somewhat exceeds the cranium of *Pithecanthropus,* but is not quite so large as the female Neanderthal from Gibraltar. In profile view it is almost exactly like the skulls of the well known Neanderthal species, with the heavy brow ridge overhanging the eyes, so strikingly characteristic of that race, but the crown is even a trifle lower. Seen in top view also the outline is completely neanderthaloid, but when examined from the rear a marked difference is apparent in that the broadest part of this skull is very low, only slightly above the ear openings, the skull becoming narrower above this region. This relative narrowing of the upper part of the skull, which is found also in *Pithecanthropus* (and in the *Eoanthropus* skull as restored), must be regarded as an extremely primitive feature, which in correlation with the very flat low crown proves that the brain was less voluminous than in a typical Neanderthal skull of equal length and width. As the cranial capacities of *Pithecanthropus* and the Gibraltar skull are respectively about 940 and 1,280 cubic centimeters, one might tentatively estimate that of the new skull as somewhere between 1,100 and 1,200 cubic centimeters, which is well above the minimum capacity of modern normal crania. The capacity will eventually be determined with approximate accuracy, as a cast of the interior will surely be made, and as the brain case is so nearly complete, only a small portion of the base will require restoration.

It is regrettable that nothing is positively known regarding the cranium of *Homo* (*Paleoanthropus*) *heidelbergensis* (of which a lower jaw only was found in Germany in 1907), as the new Peking skull realizes so admirably the guess one might make as to what the Heidelberg cranium would probably be like. Though the *Sinanthropus* skull lacks the facial bones, the numerous teeth and two jaw fragments give us some idea of this region. Thus one piece, the anterior part of a jaw containing several teeth, demonstrates the complete absence of any chin prominence. This, together with the dental features, marks additional resemblance to the Neanderthal and Heidelberg types, except that the molars do not show a certain specialized condition known as "taurodonty," which is observable in some, though not in all, Neanderthal teeth. The canines are not enlarged, nor in any sense ape-like, as are those of the Piltdown "dawn-man," and in general the teeth, though primitive and generalized, are completely human. The skull is that of an individual of early adult or adolescent age, and from its general shape and modeling Professor Black considers it to be that of a female, but in the absence of other skulls for comparison it has heretofore been impossible to be certain of the sex. The great development of the brow ridge would rather indicate that it is a male.

In brief, *Sinanthropus* is an extremely early human type, apparently at least as old as any other hominid thus far known, and probably the oldest. Belonging at the beginning of the Pleistocene, its age, as I have said, may be a million years! Its closest anatomical affinities are with the somewhat later Neanderthal race, and it seems well qualified to be regarded as a pre-neanderthaloid and probably ancestral to the true Neanderthals. Complete knowledge of the more nearly contemporary Heidelberg species might reveal a still closer relationship to that type, but any kinship to the Piltdown man must be quite remote. As for the cultural status of *Sinanthropus,* there is thus far no evidence whatsoever. This new discovery does not overthrow previous theories, but rather confirms them, as there

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has been ample reason to anticipate the finding of very early man in Asia, and especially man of neanderthaloid affinities. The possible relation of *Sinanthropus* to our own species is far more doubtful. We know nothing about it, but regarding this point we may quote with approval Professor Black's cautious statement that "Its dental characters certainly would seem to indicate that *Sinanthropus* could not have been far removed from the type of hominid from which evolved both the extinct Neanderthaler and the modern *Homo sapiens*." This is far from being a definite assertion that Peking man *was* our ancestor.

The fact that *Sinanthropus* lived in China carries no possible implication that he was a pre-mongoloid. A type so ancient that it antedates the emergence of *Homo sapiens* by hundreds of millenniums can have no special relationship to any particular racial subdivision of "Wise Man," so we may be sure that this venerable fossil is no more eligible to ancestor worship by the yellow race than by the white or black.

Fortunately, the Chou Kou Tien cave deposits are not yet depleted. An additional skeletal discovery has already been reported, and we have the right to hope that there will be cultural ones as well.

J. H. McGregor.

Med Shows on the Main Stem

WAS A TIME when the medicine show closed in the fall. Was a time when the first blasts of winter sent into a somnolent hibernation that class of pitchmen known as medicine workers. That time is no more. For the medicine show has discovered New York, with the result that there has been a wholesale invasion of the city.

The occupation of New York occurred gradually and insidiously. For a few years past itinerant medicine workers had occasionally varied the monotony of unloading their marvelous merchandise upon the inland American by including New York in their route. They parked their Chevrolets on street corners, harangued the crowds that gathered, and tried to dispose of their goods. To their surprise, they didn't have to try hard. They discovered that the cliff-dwelling New Yorker reached into his pocket as eagerly as did his corn-fed brother. The news spread among the ballyhoo clan. From the far reaches of the continent they came a-running, literally falling all over each other in their eagerness to get on the scene.

And so the past winter witnessed the largest convocation of pitchmen New York has ever seen. After a scramble to secure temporarily vacant stores on crowded streets, the attack started. During the long winter the city was bombarded by purveyors of varieg. ed species of Indian herbs, snake oils, soaps, liniments, corn cures, health books, sex books, body builders and other medical delicacies. And with these gentry came astrologers, mentalists, collar-button kings, success experts, mathematical wizards, magicians, phrenologists and sundry other masters of ballyhoo. Though these altruistic saviors of humanity had various things to sell, they had a common aim: to talk New York out of some of its money. And did they succeed? They wowed 'em! It was a pushover. New York bought till it hurt. And now many a New Yorker proudly possesses a bottle of Big Chief Pain-in-the-Neck's Rattlesnake Oil, or a copy of Doctor Flatchest's celebrated work on "The Road to Health, and How."

The medicine show is an outgrowth of the streetman who went about carrying a collapsible tripod and a suitcase, set them up at a street corner or in a doorway, attracted a group of people, and by energetically extolling his wares, sold them. He still flourishes, and the countryside harkens unto his cry.

But this picayune salesmanship was unscientific. And so the pitchman, as his contribution to the progress of this grand and gullible nation, created, developed and perfected the medicine show.

The medicine show, as the hinterland knows it, is a traveling aggregation of pitchmen and entertainers. They are vagabonds of the open road. Sometimes they trail along with fairs and carnivals; often they travel a lone road. When they reach a town they set up in an open space, perhaps under canvas. Then the fun begins. The band plays, darkies jig, wenches sing and dance, and the townspeople are vastly amused. When the crowd has become large enough, the supersalesmen of the show, self-entitled "doctors" and "professors," come out on the platform and proceed to beat down the sales resistance of the crowd. Awesome and flowery oratory pours from their lips, and under the spell of their spiel the natives are persuaded to buy their remedies. It's a red-letter day for the town, an escape from boredom, a spectacle. The good people may later regret their purchases, but they'll remember that they had a heck of a good time.

In New York the technique is different. The show moves indoors. The medicine workers hire a vacant store on a traffic thoroughfare and agree to hit the trail as soon as the landlord rents the store to a permanent tenant. They erect a plat-

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form. In the windows they place signs inviting the public to

WALK IN. FREE!

There is invariably a sign reading:

HEAR THE MAN WHO HAS MADE MILLIONS THINK!

It has never been revealed just what this man has made millions think about, but their thoughts must be largely homicidal. And he must indeed be a superman, for he is constantly appearing simultaneously at dozens of medicine shows, widely scattered geographically.

Now they're ready for work. There is no entertainment, for the theatrical contingent has been paid off and told to scram. The New York fish bite so well that it is unnecessary to provide theatrical bait.

The show starts. One after another, the medicine grinders deliver their talks and sell their merchandise. From morn to midnight they labor. It's a continuous performance, no intermission.

The methods and psychology employed on the city slicker do not vary materially from those used elsewhere.

The lecturer begins. Seemingly, he has nothing to sell. He gently conveys that he is there on the platform because of sheer love for poor, benighted humanity. His heart is shaken to its very depths at the plight of the people, and he has come to enlighten them. His learning seems vast. He tries to develop a mass inferiority complex in his audience. To cow and hold all listeners, he excoriates the first individual who departs during his talk. The others stand glued to the floor, and will so remain, lest the vials of the lecturer's wrath descend upon them.

After these preliminary measures, he goes to work in earnest. He tells the audience in what a parlous condition their bodies are. He denounces their doctors, inveighs against operations, paints harrowing pictures of physicians' mistakes, and indicates that in his mind surgeons compare unfavorably with proprietors of butcher shops.

His listeners are informed that their mode of life has been a horrible mistake. They don't eat right, sleep right, breathe right or live right. Fear and trembling seize them. They face the awful intelligence that they suffer a great lack which only the lecturer can supply; that dire consequences will result if they fail to heed his warning.

Soon the lecturer indicates that he has something to sell, after all. This is most delicately conveyed, for nothing must be done or said to drive customers away. To hold them, he informs them that they must remain until the end of his talk at all costs, for a delightful surprise is in store for them later. Now the chumps know that he wants to sell them something, but they stay.

The lecturer waxes more and more rhetorical. He rhapsodizes over his product. His claims are most modest. One snake-oil bally always avers, "If you have an ache or a pain, whether it be in the very crown of your head, or in the very soles of your feet, this oil will cure it."

The bally next soothes any fears that he is interested in money. Perish the thought. He says he doesn't care whether they buy or not. He's there for their benefit and their benefit only. He doesn't need their money. He has enough money to last him the rest of his life, a statement which may be true, provided only that his demise occurs forthwith.

He tells them that he can see they're intelligent, and that his appeal is only to the intelligent. Since they all have delusions of sapience, each feels that the lecturer's message is meant for him. They start to feel for their pocketbooks.

The salesman wouldn't even think of selling them anything they didn't need. One speaker righteously proclaims, "If you don't need my remedy, God knows I don't want your money." But the conditions under which there would be no need seem rather limited, for he adds, "I'm only talking to those of you who have a stomach and liver. The others don't need it."

Then the dear doctor talks price. He does not mention the price at once—that would be lamentable technique. So, therefore, if the price he wants to get is, say, a dollar, he says the price of the article is not ten dollars, although God knows it is well worth it. It's not even five dollars. Why, it's not even two dollars. Tonight, as a special advertising offer, he is authorized to part with it for the mere sum of one dollar—ten dimes. He's practically giving it away. He belabors the audience for spending its money for such inconsequential things as food and clothing, when the boon he offers can be acquired instead.

Then comes the "if I couldn't get another" argument. He invokes heaven to witness that he would not part with the remedy for ten—nay twenty, nay fifty—dollars, if he could not get another one.

He regrets that he has but a few articles left, and doesn't think there will be enough to supply all the customers. This is standard. He may have thousands of 'em, but he tells the audience that he has "only a few."

Now comes the pay-off. A couple of pitchmen, who will later take their turn at spieling, step up to the platform, and each receives one, exactly one, article, which he hurries off to sell in the audience. While they canvass the prospects the lecturer maintains a steady stream of sales talk. There mustn't be a moment's lull in his ballyhoo, or the spell is broken.

As soon as an audience-worker makes one—just one—sale, he dashes up to the platform, shouting "All sold out" or "Sold out again." He gets one more article and repeats the performance. The spectators, hearing the cry of "Sold out" again and again, and seeing the salesmen racing back and forth, think the goods are selling like mad, and

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hasten to buy before the inexhaustible supply is exhausted.

This goes on until there are no more buyers. The lecturer concludes. But he must hold the audience for the next speaker, so he announces that he takes great pleasure in introducing Dr. Hokum, who has an amazing story to tell. Dr. Hokum is the delightful surprise previously promised. Dr. Hokum, in turn, will do the same for the next speaker, Dr. Blah.

The show grinds on.

To the casual listener, it might seem that the speakers have an exhaustive knowledge of their subject, and that their merchandise is meritorious. But a few visits should be instructive, for it would then appear that the speeches are set speeches. The lecturers, possessors of glib tongues, have acquired merely enough information to put their talks across convincingly.

The doctors are not generally physicians. They lack degrees, practice and experience. They are salesmen, pure and simple—well, not quite pure nor quite simple. With a modicum of preparation each might talk as learnedly about one remedy or subject as about another.

An examination of Billboard, the showman's magazine, should also prove informational. Dozens of supply houses stand ready to sell merchandise to the medicine men. This advertisement is typical:

> HERB WORKERS: We have the lowest prices in the country and nicest flash packages to be had. . . .

The medicine worker often pretends that the remedies he sells are of his own preparation. Look at this:

> MEDICINE MEN: We put up the best selling herb package on the market, formula attached, at the lowest price. . . . Also tonics, liniments, nerve-tonic tablets, salves and soaps. All under your own name if you wish. . . .

He may appear learned by exhibiting imposing-looking anatomical charts. This ad is one of many:

> ATTENTION! MEDICINE SHOWMEN, MEDICINE DEALERS: . . . Your sales and box-office receipts will be ten times as much if you exhibit our Anatomical Model of the Human Torso. . . .

The margin of profit is huge. Witness these:

> COMPLETE HEALTH LINE—Psyllium seed, 50c seller, $8.00 per 100 packages. . . .
>
> "BUILDING HEALTH," 192 pages and cover. Great big flashy dollar seller, $15.00 per 100. . . .

His materials purchased, he needs merely a few pseudo facts upon which to hang a sales talk, and he's rarin' to go.

The boys have done well in New York. But the city's newly acquired reputation as the pitchmen's winter paradise has brought too many of the brotherhood for comfort. As a result they have been competing against each other in rival stores, sometimes opened next door to each other. This is known in the trade as "ganging up," and is ruinous. Loud is their plaint. "Dr." Charles Miller, an eminent pitchman, has found it advisable to caution his brethren, in the pages of Billboard, to "Stay away from New York. More than plenty here already and many having a hard time to get by. . . ." List to the lay of pitchman Joe Carroll: "Looks like a carnival of pitchmen they are holding. . . . Four stores operating within a block of each other is too much. . . . That's burning it up."

The troubles of the medicine showmen have not been eased by a campaign against them conducted by The Daily News, which caters to that portion of the New York literati who get their news in picture form . This newspaper has printed a series of articles analyzing the preparations sold by the medicine men, commenting on their quality and denouncing the high-pressure salesmanship employed. Thus the lot of the pitchmen in New York has not been made too blissful.

But with the advent of vernal weather, the pitchmen have deserted the big town, and are once again headed for the open country. As their patients of the interior cannot be persuaded to take their medicine without a sugar coating, the professors must reassemble their amusement departments. The following advertisements voice their need:

> WANTED: Medicine-show performers for free platform show. Teams and single novelty acts.
>
> Want man or woman astrologer. Want musical act and magic act. . . . This is a free health show under large tent, motorized. . . .

And so the poor, unfortunate New Yorker, unless he visits Coney, must grub along for another season without the aid and comfort of the medicine showmen, who meanwhile bring succor to their nationwide clientèle. But he despairs not, for when the leaves begin to fall, the pitchmen will return to minister to his health and pocketbook.

JEROME RENITZ.

Bird of Passage

On a hawk's wings
The Bird that never sings
In wide curves veering
By no pole steering
Rides the sunward reaches of the air
With no more seeming care
For the spirals of the years,
The swift scurries and slow fears
Of below or behind,
Than to wanton on the wind—
Till a Shadow overhead
Rockets downward and strikes dead.

HELEN MCAFEE.

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Alaric at the Walls of Rome

I MYSELF in college took a prize given by the Old English Text Society, I think it was, for certain supposed proficiencies in our earlier literature. The whole of it came down to "Beowulf," I suppose. I heard no end of eloquent things about it: first of all how strong it was, though even then I wondered why things were strong largely because the language that expressed them was full of anatomical sounds, rising from so far down that a lady, then, would have had to describe it as the region of appendicitis. Those, however, I was given to understand about the epics, were the days when men and dragons contended together, one with magic arms, the other with fire, smoke and private functions. I remember that, having been carefully brought up, I was as much impressed by the dragon's belching in the hero's face as by the fire and flames. I remember also that—after I had coaxed the matter into the mildest English, heroized by twisting all intelligent order out of it and so getting what they called the spirit of the original—I did have a sense of the clang of arms that I had read about with regard to Lucretius' poem, and that that forest pool with the haunted waters, the gleam, the blackness, the half-seen, half-savage horror, made a thing of great character and power. But time has passed, and the dent made by our early classics has proved to be slight indeed. Of the waters, et cetera, I have now only a deep, primeval shiver—felt more, alas, as I write the phrase than when I think of the poetry itself!—and of the battles only a recollection of broken-up verses—with a good many *h's* followed by *r's*, which made you feel at least as if you yourself were going to bark—and with diverse untidy details.

Time passed, and I grew into the Wagnerian demesne. The gigantic realms, now under Wagner, softened and thundered, roared and symbolized, until I was weaned away from stronger things into what I must feel now was worse for my taste but better for my soul. I had at least substituted for that tumult in battle a confusion of soul. If, too, I have not even a slight shiver at the sight of the Wagnerian dragon, I can watch his legs work, and see them pulling him on and off the stage; and I can wish that I might presently hear from his inside the German tenor, as Peter Pan hears the clock ticking in the monster that ate Captain Hook.

I always feel in Wagner that the music at its best is the great part of it. The ideas are sometimes stirring, sometimes out of date. The stories, doubtless, were once more beautiful than now; their quality now is plainly not steady or consistent; the various portions please according to individual taste. I have never seen Wagner given except at the Metropolitan and in London, and there the décor of it and most of the acting has always been appalling. I have seen performances in which the décor was said to be reproduced exactly from that at Bayreuth, the shrine of Wagner production. These seemed to me as bad as, or worse than, others I had seen. If the operas given were of the nature of Bellini, Rossini, Monteverdi, even of Verdi's lighter pieces, a preservation of the original manner might add to the general charm and delight. But Wagner is so taken up with rousing the soul, blowing the Teutonic horn, stirring up gods and titans, warlike heroines and simple hearts; he is so evangelical still, so personal and spiritual, that we cannot relish settings that are merely souvenirs and sighs of good old days. In this spirit and despair I went to see the Ufa "Siegfried," lately at the Fifty-fifth Street Theater.

This "Siegfried" film has been in town before, a year or two ago perhaps, and must certainly have won its share of reverent praise. I went to it only to see what the modern German stage, with all its innovations and energies and theory, had done with this difficult material. Here we have a Nordic epic, with its fortitude, tenderness, lyricism, barbarism, its mysical center and innocent mentality. We have matter that is complex and yet belongs still to simple folk; it is as large-minded as an epic, as lifted and rosy as a stained-glass window, as endearing as a Christmas tree. The motivations of this material are heroic, villainous, supernatural, poignant, lovely and like an epic and a fairy tale together. In the matter of décor, acting and directing, I was anxious to see how the more modern art might get away from the absurdities of Wagner hitherto: the comic dragons, the operatic tin knights and braided virgins, the bear-rug heroes and woolly gods, the moving mounds loaded with roses and contraltos, the horns, beams, beards and steam by which we are to be transported to high realms.

Seeing the Ufa version of the scene we must admit some improvement. The spaces were simpler, for one thing, and some of the elevations and prospects were effective and dramatic. Now and then the horses—whose very physical nature keeps them from trivial gesture—were exciting and epic, as were the spears also, moments of plain cloaks, far-off ships, and a certain massing of crowds now and then and files of warriors and attendants. In the costumes the same simplicity held as was to be seen in the halls and castles; patterns, more or less monotonous, were spread over garments sometimes grave, sometimes slightly silly.

But the piece as a whole came to little; such a degree of simplification was only a drop in the bucket. And it may well be that there is much to do besides simplify. The ornament of the period, as seen in such a museum as Copenhagen's, for example, is remarkably varied and rich; and there are times when the character of the dramatic material needs more complication of design, mystery, shadow and light, universality, than Ufa gave. As for the acting, there were a few good moments, good walking, for instance, some heroic, if trite, gesture and a few good masks. The rest was all mixed up, not only the acting but the direction too. Siegfried, even if you like that nineteenth-century Rhine Galahad type, was sometimes as foolish as any Hollywood blond ideal could be—I shall never forget his archness when he pats his horse—and sometimes as pretty as a knight on a banner. Brünnhilde worked her raging face up to the most ignoble expression of realistic spite, and wore bobbed hair bloused out when she had every need of a formal masklike quality. Some of the characters looked like Louis XI's court in a French historical melodrama; the dwarfs might have come off steins, and had that embarrassing Gothicality that stage representations of dwarfs, gnomes and wood monsters invariably afford. The dragon might have been an exact copy of some primeval beast, though I thought he had a sweet face and was sorry to see him shed so much blood

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for that rather elderly choir boy, in a combat so open that it meant nothing at all. To see Siegfried talking with the birds was to be floored with male coyness.

The dragon may serve both as a perfect instance of this film's mediocrity and of the special advantage moving pictures sometimes have above all other arts. In this Ufa dragon we get only the prose revival of well known early monsters, no more impressive than an enlarged snapshot of a horned toad. But in this case, as contrasted with the stage, what horror, venom and strength might have been created, by, for example, having the dragon only partly visible, a thing identical with the terrors of the earth, of nature and evil; by timing his movements so that they freeze the blood; by an eerie use of shadow and light; by clouds of flame that blot half the scene out for a moment; these and any other devices that will give a dignity and shudder and will create, not any realistic zoölogy, but the image of the beast that haunted men's minds.

But we need not dwell on that. Nor need we dwell on the rest of it; the film speaks for itself. What interests me is the problem of producing this Nordic epic material, and why the problem has baffled us so far. I can only wonder and ask questions.

Is it partly because, for this Northern myth, there has been no passable creation in painting and sculpture that the stage could go by? In doing Greek plays, fo example, we have endless material, the vases, the marbles, the reliefs, not to speak of the unity of style that the dramatic material that—except for some of Euripides, not the Gilbert Murray, who sweetens all his Greek translations to the same tone, but Euripides himself—is sure to have. But for this Teutonic legend the painting for the most part consists, so far as I know, of mid-Victorian German canvases covered with hides and horn, sheeted and garlanded blondes, furry conquerors, basins, ewers, and all those studio properties in which the more sonorous historical events were dressed by the painters of that epoch.

Is it partly because in the Nordic vehicle itself the producers can discover no unity of style, and so let the actors be as personal, winning and domestic as they like one minute, and stiff, surly and simplified the next?

Is there an element of lyricism and mysticism which only the purest of methods and the highest study could produce?

How much of its range and depth would be killed if this material were forced into a unity of style and character? Who can say what essentially racial thing is there for us, in the midst of all the lovely ladies, titanic maids, the swans, dwarfs, dragons, savage sins, divine virtues, flames, magical waters, wonder-working hair nets, swords gems, and unconquerable—save for the Siegfrieds—forests, caverns and dooms? In them may lie our special chaos of truth and our straining visions. Perhaps music and poetry are the arts that best express this whole Nordic cycle. For the visual part of the problem, the moving pictures have certainly every advantage over the theater, over opera. We have seen what stuff Ufa at least made of it. Once in a box at the Metropolitan I overheard a beautiful Texas lady, sitting coolly in white, say at the end of a "Lohengrin" scene where every known resource had been used to get the desired grandeur of effect, "It's still Alaric battering at the walls of Rome. Isn't it?"

STARK YOUNG.

Mr. Carroll's Vanities

THE current "Vanities" has been so much publicized as a dirty show that its real merit has been neglected. More successfully than in any of his productions since the unforgettable first "Vanities" (with Joe Cook, the Mills Hotel Orchestra and Peggy Joyce), Mr. Carroll has put on a show of rowdy humor, and although these are the words one would naturally apply to a revue, the fact is that most revues lack humor, and rowdiness is their rarest attribute. Mr. Carroll's taste and lack of taste both serve him.

By engaging the young women who have arrived at the dignity of place names (like English dukes)—Miss Alabama, Miss Brooklyn, Miss California, Miss Bronx, Miss Westchester, Miss Finland, and, for climax, Miss New York, Miss America, and Miss Universe—Mr. Carroll has justified his assertion that "through these portals pass the world's most beautiful women," but his second declaration, that the "Vanities" is "meeting America's demand for sophisticated entertainment," can only signify his feeling that sophistication means a free and easy handling of the sexual theme. There is no sophistication without delicacy of mind, and delicacy is lacking. The error lies in assuming that intelligent people are amused only by sophistication.

Mr. Carroll's failing hitherto has been his incapacity to associate the nude with anything else, particularly with whatever is either interesting or amusing. In this show he has managed to offer a Fan Dance (Faith Bacon) which had nudity and exceptional grace of movement. This is one of the numbers to which the police objected, and the official affidavit notes that the spectators could observe the state of nudity of the dancer. It happens that the entire point of the dance was the use of two huge white fans to conceal a technical nudity, one fan moving to cover what the other fan moved to display, the dance having no significance and no interest when this process failed, except for an equivocal moment now and then, the moment of transition. As danced after the interference of the police, it still gives the effect which the censors wished to eliminate.

The single sketch which, more than anything else, brought in the police has been omitted, and universal testimony has it that the scene was both dull and dirty. In revenge, Mr. Carroll has one of the rarest of revue phenomena—a black-out which is really funny. The blackout is not a new invention, but under the influence of the British revue it has been intolerably overworked recently and its technique has become obvious, its material a bore. In effect it is the "wham" or "pow" of the comic strip, translated to the stage; a seemingly innocent conversation of a minute or so ends in an unexpected turn, usually suggestive, upon which the stage is instantly darkened. The idea seems to be that no one could bear the consternation or embarrassment of being seen in full light after the wow; actually the blackout gives the cue for laughter which might otherwise be lacking. A succession of scenes in which the seemingly virtuous wife kisses her husband goodbye, embraces a lover, and is found by her husband—with no matter how odd an explanation—has become a bore. Mr. Carroll has a number of these tiresome things; but he has found one, a smoking-room story, which is tremendously funny.

I pass over an exceptionally dull and elaborate finale

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directed against prohibition and censorships generally, and a tepid under-water trick scene, to come to the actual stars of the "Vanities." Mr. Jack Benny, with far from the best material, suggests a bit of Joe Cook and a bit of Phil Baker, and at the same time is not imitative, making comic points entirely by his gesture, smile and slow, meaningful delivery—altogether an expert young man. The other two are familiar figures: Jimmie Savo and Herbert Williams.

Savo is one of the people who really do a single act; his material is of the slightest: a cigar, a sling shot, a piece of paper, a bit of music. The rest is his make-up and costume, his sense of character, his movement. Without elaboration of properties or book, he is a pure clown, and I have never seen him without catching, for a moment, the sense of an artist in an extremely delicate medium, a miniaturist, a player of some antique instrument like the clavichord or the viola d'amore. The figure he presents is that of the timid man who goes through agonies of embarrassment because he has inadvertently flicked his ashes on the street, or who does not know what on earth he can do with a square inch of paper which has somehow got into his hand; and his relief when these appalling problems are solved sends him into delirious dances, in which, also, he surprises himself, and, abashed at his own audacity, apparently frightened at the thought that he has forgotten where he is, retreats from public view. The fineness of his gestures, the strange mask he makes of his face, the combination of these with grotesquerie of the wildest sort (he is continually disappearing under his own collar) mark him as a clown in the great tradition.

In the present show Herb Williams has the better material and is more in the rowdy tone of the whole show. Williams has for years been a notable star in vaudeville; as part of the team of Williams and Wolfus he tore apples from the costume of his companion and ate them—he still does, with Patsy Kelly as his startled assistant. He was known for his great cry of "spot-li-i-ight" which always heralded his appearance. He works with an endless quantity of properties—the fruit, trick baskets, quarrels with the orchestra, and a piano which fights back at him as he attempts to play and eventually yields him both food and drink, as he, in the guise of a be-medalled military hero, plays the part of a virtuoso.

One of his acts, typical of the show, is called "All Quiet," in which he plays a deaf and preoccupied business executive, signing letters, conducting business, being generally important, while a traveling salesman carries on a continuous bombardment of sales talk, and plumbers, carpenters, file clerks, steamfitters and the like make all the noise the human ear can bear. Better than that is his solo appearance in an effort to recite a poem about the War. It begins on Christmas eve with the church bells, and "the next day the Great War broke out and I was in Flanders"—but the cues are mixed, and Williams is convinced that a conspiracy exists to spoil his act. His despair and fury carry on through much of the show and end with the piano act, which, as a new touch, takes place in a broadcasting studio.

Here occurs one of the most appealing scenes I have witnessed in years. After preliminary struggles with the piano and the wobbly seat, Williams places his great bulk sidewise by the upper register, composes his acid features in a grimace of false sweetness, rests one arm on the piano, his head on his hand, and with the other hand begins to toy with the treble notes, and croons! The shock of the burlesque has hardly been felt when from the orchestra a book is flung straight into his face. The "Vanities," rowdy and bawdy and roisteringly funny, takes this vicarious means of annihilating Rudy Vallee; the old virility fights back at the reincarnation, after twenty years of hot ragtime and jazz, of the dude who sang ballads with lantern slides at Coney Island.

GILBERT SELDES.

A COMMUNICATION

Wanted: An Ivy Lee for Liberals

SIR: It must be pretty darned evident to anyone who follows the daily reports of the activities of the Fish committee investigating the Communists that nothing is going to be dug up that our zealous legislators couldn't have discovered by subscribing to The Daily Worker. The witnesses they call make up the usual procession of professional testifiers—dicks, undercover men, school teachers pathetically anxious to prove their right-mindedness, fourteenth-rate publicists who make a dingy living being alarmed by menaces, gentlemen with very obvious axes to grind, like Mr. Grover Whalen, Mr. Matthew Woll or Inspector Lyons, all in the best comic tradition of congressional investigations. Yet there is every sign that forces are being massed for serious repressive measures as an outcome of the committee's "discoveries." The eminent Mr. Elihu Root's letter suggesting that the federal government rig a high-priced new detective army, especially for snooping after the Comintern, will certainly carry considerable weight. It begins to look as if the Washington politicians thought it was a safe and profitable venture to gang up on the Reds. Meanwhile, the states are a lap ahead of the federal government, as the Atlanta prosecutions show.

Can anything be done to avert a bitter nationwide persecution of Communists and suspected Communists? What sort of an appeal would be effective?

First, you have to find out who, if anybody, is willing to do anything to counter these efforts to club American working-class dissenters into submission (it's actual physical clubbing it always comes down to, no matter with what well bred suavity eminent and scholarly legal authorities like Mr. Elihu Root may write). Whom can you appeal to? What kind of people are going to feel themselves sufficiently endangered in their lives or their sensibilities to think, talk, write, vote, act, in favor of toleration and against judicial brutality in the treatment of social dissenters?

Following the classification made by the authors of "Middletown," American society splits up into the owning class, the business class and the working class. Now, members of the owning class know so well that communism is a direct attack upon their very existence, that I doubt if even the secure sub-aristocratic liberal fringe that is occasionally moved by the thought of starving babies, or little children getting T. B. working in textile mills, will get anything but pleasure out of the knowledge that Communists are being beaten up, imprisoned, shot or deported. The non-radical majority of the working class, except for the very prosperous sections of it under the influence of

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A. F. of L. politicians in a panic for fear of losing their fat salaries, will think it's a lousy shame, but that you can't buck the interests.

There remains the business class, from high-salaried management experts to the white-collar poor who have sufficient technical education to make a living without working with their hands. This class bulks large numerically; it is the source of that mysterious force, public opinion, of which so much was hoped in the old reforming days before the War. Obviously the top section of the business class considers its interests identical with those of the owning class, and in any question of Red-baiting, or taking fright at menaces, is always likely to go the real owners one better. The poorer section, however, can hardly be said to have any real stake in capitalism. A lot of its members thought they did through owning stocks, but possibly the series of market crashes has done something to undeceive them and to make them realize that their participation in the ownership of industry was just about the kind of participation that a man who's getting fleeced at roulette has in capitalizing the gambling house. It is this small stake of the game that might make it possible for men who live by renting out their mental skill or training the way the workers rent out their muscle, to be at least neutrals in the war between capital and labor. According to taste you can call them middle-class liberals or the intellectual proletariat. Maybe they are the people who can be made to feel that police persecution of Communists and the bitter sadism with which judges impose maximum sentences for political offenses are crimes against civilization and against the integrity of their own lives.

How to go about it?

The thought of what Eddie Bernays or Ivy Lee would do in the inconceivable possibility that enough money could be collected to hire one of these super-public-relations counsels and put him on the job is not entirely futile. After all, if by propaganda you can make women wear corsets and everybody believe cigarettes good for the voice, it's conceivable that by propaganda you can make them hate cruelty or tolerate the idea of change.

I suppose the first thing that the public-relations counsel would do would be to dope out what type of fear-stimulus in the mass mind would have to be played on. He would puzzle over an analysis of that automatic putting yourself in the other fellow's place that is at the bottom of the horror of cruelty. He would work on these motives, at the same time trying to kid people out of the fear that was at the bottom of the cruelty impulse.

In trying to establish the values that are vaguely called civilized (though God knows the word's been left pretty threadbare by the wear and tear of the last fifteen years), this mythical public-relations counsel would be seeking all the time to break down sales resistance. Now, how could he best weaken sales resistance? Naturally by convincing those who had the least stake in the game and proving to them that they were neutrals, whether they knew it or not.

I think the class that has the least stake in the game and the most stake in preserving the civilization without which it's too disorganized to live at all, is the section of the business class whose jobs would be necessary under any system of organization of industrial society. Engineers, scientists, independent manual craftsmen, artists, actors, writers, experts of one kind or another occupy very much the same position in Russia today under rigorous state socialism as they do in the United States under capitalism. It ought not to be so very difficult to convince them here that their personal destinies are not being directly attacked by the Communists.

Of course, you have to buck the fact that along with the technical education that qualifies them to live by their brains or their wits, they usually have absorbed the vicious political education instilled by our colleges, which has taught them to walk unconsciously in step with the owning class and to do any kind of servile dirty work required by the man who signs the checks.

Once you could convince these people that it wouldn't hurt them to be neutral, it ought not to be hard to make them feel that atrocities on either side in a war lower the general level of humaneness for everybody concerned. Anybody who's ever seen bloody fighting of any kind knows that the average man's hatred of cruelty is at least as strong as his love for it.

No normal individual really likes beating up unless his hatred of the person beaten up has in some way been aroused. If the liberal middle classes could be made to feel their power as neutrals the way the Dutch and Swiss felt it during the World War, they could do a great deal to mitigate the bitterness of the class struggle in this country. By education and training they are unfitted for political action, but as the molders of ideas they are supremely fitted to color events. And it's just on that coloring of events that the humane values depend: the difference between a war where you take prisoners and treat them fairly, and a war without quarter; the difference between an airplane duel and gassing a city full of noncombatants.

Rereading this statement, I find it pretty unsatisfactory; as any preachment must be that deals with a "supposing-that" situation. The trouble is that the whole structure of the political ideas of the people who are neither members of the Communist party nor pro-capitalists is built of rotten timber and must, I think, be replaced by something more in accord with the historical facts. Until that is formulated, any appeal to "humanity," "civilization," "mercy," must necessarily be on pretty shaky foundations.

In speaking of police brutality to prisoners, I don't mean to imply that their brutality towards other victims of our criminal code isn't equally damnable.

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Naming of the Shrew

SIR: Once upon a time there was a conscientious printer and publisher who brought out a new edition of Shakespeare's plays. He wanted the edition to be just as nice as possible—even a little nicer. It was, indeed, a beautiful edition and was designed to give a great deal of pleasure to everybody who was not too squeamish about certain Elizabethan expressions—if you know what I mean.

But just before going to press, the printer, being very conscientious and desiring to give just as much pleasure as possible, and, indeed, a little more, became dissatisfied with his author's name. It had too many s's in it, and so brought forth a hissing sound when frequently pronounced, and the conscien-

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tious printer was quite sure that everybody would presently be talking about the beautiful books. Moreover, such beautiful plays, and, above all, such a beautiful edition, demanded an author with a more magniloquent and sonorous pronunciation. And here the conscientious printer indulged himself in what is known as a Happy Thought.

This beautiful edition of beautiful plays brought out by this conscientious printer bore upon its title-pages the very splendid, though somewhat unexpected, name of William Brandishlance as author. And everybody said, "What a beautiful author for a beautiful edition of beautiful plays!" And the Hollywood impresarios fell over (and upon) each other in their efforts to be first in their productions of the beautiful plays in the beautiful squawkies. And the Baconians declared that "Hamlet" and "Lear" and "Macbeth" and "As You Like It" had never been written by William Brandishlance (and for once they were right), but by a none-too-particular judge in the Magistrates' Court (of whom there seemed to be a good many) by the name of Hogg (and in thus particularizing they got back to their old comfortable errors). And everybody was perfectly happy because of the printer's Happy Thought—except William Lyon Phelps and a few old codgers who had happened to hear of Shakespeare in their early school days.

I hope no one will be disturbed by taking the foregoing fable for 100-percent fact. If anyone reads it through and emerges somewhat mystified, he may note the excuse given by Mr. Gilbert Seldes and the producers of his current version of "Lysistrata" for the mispronunciation of the name of the chief character throughout the play. Not a dictionary I can find recognizes Lis-sis-tra'ta (as pronounced on the stage). They all say Lie-sis'tra-ta. The producers say the correct pronunciation produces hissing. I submit that with the long *i* it produces less and in addition accords respect to a literary classic. Of course, neither pronunciation is the Greek. The practical effect upon a person in the audience who has no knowledge of the elaborate and somewhat hypothetical reasoning of the producers, is one of ignorant mispronunciation by those who ought to know and profess to know. It cannot help marring a delightful play beautifully produced.

ALBERT S. BARD.

New York City.

More About Term Insurance

SIR: Mr. T. J. V. Cullen's answer to my communication which appeared parallel with it in The New Republic of May 28, 1930, deviates from the facts on several vital points. In his opening paragraph he states that he prefers to show how certain forms of coverage "best apply to individual cases." I would direct attention to the fact that nowhere following does he cite a single case that is better served by any form of life insurance *other than term insurance.*

Mr. Cullen improperly appropriates for whole-life (ordinary life) insurance the principal advantage of term insurance when he says: "The whole-life contract gives a maximum of protection for a minimum premium." Substitute the words "term insurance" in this sentence for the words "the whole-life contract"; then the fact will be correctly stated.

Again, he seriously errs in his definition of term insurance: First, he says it is a "temporary coverage." This is only true of term insurance which is purposely restricted and so made undesirable; but my communication does not mention, much less advocate, such. Probably over twenty-five large legal-reserve life-insurance companies are today writing term policies which run, on the term premium, for approximately the expectancy of life, and which can be converted, *without physical examination,* to ordinary life, to run to age 96. Is this temporary coverage? Second, he says term insurance eliminates cash-surrender values. This is not true of the good term policies just mentioned, which have cash-surrender values just as do ordinary life policies. Third, he says term policies do "not bind the company to reinsure the life of the policyholder at the expiration of the term if his physical condition does not warrant it." This restriction is almost obsolete, even in short-term policies, and, as before mentioned, has never applied to good long term policies; some are even automatically converted to ordinary life without any action on the part of the insured. Such provisions give to term insurance another virtue which, Mr. Cullen intimates, belongs exclusively to ordinary life and limited-payment life policies, and makes them actually "whole life" contracts.

Term insurance is now written to age 75. It could be written to run to age 85 or 95 just as well as can ordinary life or any other endowment policy. There are two primary reasons why it is not (and probably never will be) written to such ages: first, because, as term policies are *all protection,* the protection cost cannot be hidden, and as the cost becomes too high to be practical beyond the expectancy of life, no one would buy much of it. Second, because there is little if any need for protection beyond age 70: few men then have any economic value which is legitimately insurable. Usually they have become dependent upon those who were formerly their dependents. The need in old age is not for protection, but for matured, income-paying investments (in life-insurance companies or elsewhere).

Another error is the statement that ordinary or limited-payment life policies provide "insurance protection without increasing cost as long as they live." My previous communication attempted to make clear the fact that it is u[n]impossible to keep the cost of the protection that is grant[ed] *and all* policies from increasing as men grow older.

By combining investment with protection, i[t] appear (for a time, at least) that the cost [is] (1) by failing to figure that the interest the[y] its investment—and retains—is a part of the [cost] ignoring the fact that the protection (risk ca[rried] pany) *decreases* as the investment (which is [made] in instalments) increases.

The investment element in an ordinary life [policy] cally, money collected from the insured duri[ng] period of life to pay for *protection* between, sa[y] This was practically the fact until laws were [enacted] quire the company to return this unused accumulation in the insured discontinues his policy. The law might well have gone a step farther and compelled the return of the unused reserve accumulation to the beneficiary when the policy matures by death.

Mr. Cullen's comparison of the agent who sells term insurance to the exclusion of other forms to the grocer who would sell spinach exclusively for balanced diet is very far-fetched. Properly to balance the life-insurance diet it is only necessary to supply protection (term insurance) and accumulative investment in proper proportions. All of the hundreds of policy forms are simply different combinations of these two simple elements, *but not so understood.* If not understood, how, possibly, can the diet be balanced? Only when term insurance is sold exclusively by all agents, in conjunction with *separate* investment policies, will it be possible to balance every man's life insurance diet properly.

The so-called "capacity, comfort and trade-in value" [of] cost life insurance is not lost, as Mr. Cullen intimates, [to] man who buys good low-cost term insurance, but is available *larger measure* through the *separate* investment of the difference in cost of the two types.

St. Louis, Mo. L. B. TEBBETTS.

How Accurate Was the Digest Poll?

SIR: You will get many letters regarding your editorial of June 11, entitled "Prohibition Repeal—Practical Politics." There will be leters from people who live in New York, and who think as you do that New York is America. Also you will get a few letters like this, from the "hicks" out in the "sticks," who *are* America.

New York takes The Literary Digest poll seriously, and yo[u]

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grave editors gravely discuss "the major benefit of the poll"—meaning, thereby, the major benefit to the cause of John Barleycorn. The Literary Digest poll has stirred in the minds of The New Republic editors the thrilling vision of the possibility of carrying three-fourth of the states, and repealing the Eighteenth Amendment. I have cut out the editorial, to save it and exhibit it to future generations as one of the funniest products of the New York mentality.

The New Republic specializes in statistics and in intellectual exactitude. You ought to be ashamed to let yourself be fooled by that Digest poll, and you ought now to impose upon yourself the duty of really investigating it. I have before me some calculations sent to me by Mr. Floyd Neff, a statistician of Philadelphia, who has examined one of the several methods by which the Digest poll was "loaded." Mr. Neff takes the Wet states around New York City, that is, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Connecticut, and on the basis of the seventh poll published in The Digest, he shows that these four Wet states have 22 percent of the population of the country, and 33 percent of the poll. He takes eight Dry States, Texas, North Carolina, Oklahoma Alabama, Georgia, Arkansas, Mississippi and South Carolina, and shows that they have 20 percent of the population, and 6 percent of the poll. In other words, the four Wet States, having practically the same population as the eight Dry States, get five times as large a vote in The Digest poll. And this little trick, so The Republic tells us, has "changed the atmosphere of the ohibition debate"!

And the beginning. If The New Republic really truth about this matter, let it send an investiry Digest and find out, if it can, what perest voters live in cities and what percentage Unless I am mistaken, The Literary Digest has mportant factor. If it should turn out, as I ople, whose addresses are easy to obtain, have es the representation of country people, whose lt to obtain, you will have another explanation self be fooled.

re investigating, find out what percentage of re women. Unless I am mistaken, The Literary ealed the facts on this vital point. I suspect ou will find that, as the names of husbands are much easier to et than the names of wives, the men voters have been given ve times the advantage over the women voters in the poll. When ou have allowed for these three factors, you will begin to regret our recent editorial.

Wake up, Mr. Editor, from your dream. You cannot carry ree-fourths of the states; you cannot even carry one-fourth. All it you can do is to arouse the prohibition forces of America to new campaign of education and political agitation. You have de your prophecy; now let me make mine: It won't be five rs more before you have a new Carry Nation in New York. would not take more than one hundred consecrated women, lling to go to jail, or, if necessary, to be killed by Tammany ngsters, to close every speakeasy in New York; and not more n one or two of them would have to be killed, and none of n would have to stay in jail more than a week or two. They ld bring New York City back into America, and convince even editors that the Constitution of the United States ap- Broadway and Madison Avenue.

, let us see who is the prophet!

asadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR.

SIR: Thank you for letting me see Mr. Upton Sinclair's letter. I wish all letters were as easy to answer.

Mr. Sinclair makes three points. On two of them he admits ie has no facts; the other was completely answered in The Digest wo weeks before Mr. Sinclair wrote his letter.

He asks what percentage of the voters in our poll live in the ties and what percentage live in the country; he also asks what rcentage are men and what percentage women. These are the points which he is criticizing with no facts to go on. We e made no analysis of our voters along these lines and any ory he has is entirely supposititous. We can only say that in this poll we used precisely the same kinds of lists that made our 1928 presidential poll a marvel of accurate forecasting. There is every reason to believe that our prohibition poll, taken in exactly the same manner, is an equally correct index of public opinion. His main point, based on the figures of Mr. Floyd Neff, was completely exploded in an article in The Digest of May 31.

The general accuracy of The Digest poll was shown by the results of the Republican primaries in New Jersey. Mr. Fort, running as a Dry, polled a little more than 20 percent of the entire vote, while Mr. Morrow and Mr. Frelinghuysen, favoring modification or repeal, received the other 80 percent. In The Digest's straw vote in New Jersey, 19.18 percent went for enforcement and 80.82 for modification and repeal.

WILLIAM SEAVER WOOD,
New York City. Editor, The Literary Digest.

Seamen and the Tariff

SIR: One industry which it seems can hardly be said to have been aided by the Hoover-Grundy tariff, even if Senator Watson explains the matter, is that of international trade. There are at present hundreds of seamen in Boston trying to get jobs, and I am told that the situation is even more serious in New York and other ports. When the "Dakotan" arrived recently from Liverpool it had one-third its normal cargo. This may be evidence that the new tariff law is effective, but it is unlikely to put the shipping business on its feet, or give employment to the thousands of seamen now trying to get jobs. To ask the landsman to sympathize with these men, who would in many cases rather "go on the bum" than work ashore, may be foolish, but such disregard doesn't improve the existing situation.

Cambridge, Mass. WILBUR B. DAVIS.

The Double Standard in the Penal Code

SIR: It is interesting to note the concern expressed by Malcolm Cowley [The New Republic, June 25] over the activities of New York's vice squad and the evidence that women accused of acts of prostitution are frequently "framed." Is it not possible that the concern is really a decent-minded citizen's indignation over the fact that women accused of prostitution are haled into court at all?

The New York statute quoted by Mr. Cowley provides for the punishment of those who exploit the prostitute and profit by the business of prostitution—keepers of disorderly hotels and tenements, procurers, etc. Such persons obviously offend against the community and their conduct is classed as criminal.

But the woman accused of the act has injured no one but herself. No matter how reprehensible one may consider her conduct, her offense is not a crime—not an injury to the public; and in society's treatment of her, in forcing her through police experience, through criminal-court proceedings and a term in a reformatory, it can be argued that society's offense against her is inexpressibly greater than her own.

One might reconcile one's resentment at classifying prostitution as a crime if both parties to the act were apprehended and tried, on the theory that one person alone should not be held responsible for a crime which it takes two persons to commit. But until prostitution is made a crime for both participants, if it be a crime at all, no "framing" vice squads are needed to render the woman the most pathetic of all defendants.

Santa Fe, N. M. ANN WEBSTER.

Can You Plan a Pageant?

SIR: In connection with its twenty-fifth anniversary celebration, which will take place during the opening months of 1931, the Rand School of Social Science plans to present a pageant suitable for the occasion. For the script of this pageant, payment will be made. Authors interested in producing a suitable script are requested to write for particulars to 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York City.

WILLIAM E. BOHN.

New York City.

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Colette

Chéri, by Colette. Translated by Janet Flanner. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

Mitsou, or How Girls Grow Wise, by Colette. Translated by Jane Terry, with an introduction by Janet Flanner. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.

"CHERI" and "Mitsou" are the first of Colette's novels to be published in translations in America. From the long list of her books, written in the thirty years since 1900, one could choose other titles of perhaps equal brilliance. Her first literary period began in 1900, with the publication of the Claudine series; her mature literary career started with the appearance of "La Vagabonde" and "La Retraite Sentimentale," some ten years later. For twenty years Colette has been the most widely read and most sincerely respected woman writer in France. "Chéri" was published originally in 1920; "Mitsou," published in 1917, was her first really objective novel. "Chéri" and its sequel, "Le Fin de Chéri," have already become contemporary classics. 'Mitsou," whose last pages drew tears from the eyes of Marcel Proust, is hardly more than a sketch for a novel of character, yet it stands unmatched in subtlety in the literature of our time.

Colette's excellence, long recognized by a European public that includes her fellow artists, is not easy to define by English-speaking standards. That she is a born writer and an exceptionally sensitive woman is evident. Her full-bodied gusto, her fresh senses and compassion unspoiled as a child's, are immediately clear to the running eye. She is not erudite. Her pages are singularly free from allusion and echoes of literature. She can be compared to little but herself because she has written her discoveries down just as she herself made them. She has lived her life—as a provincial girl, the wife of a Parisian man-about-town, a dancer in a music hall, a woman of letters—and written of it concurrently. She has not checked the development of her talents by regrets for the past or yearnings into the future. The steps of her life, the ripening of her perceptions, appear as clearly in her novels as in the facts and dates of her biography.

The novelist, and particularly the novelist writing in English, works in a dangerously malleable form. His narrative, roughly, must adjust itself to a rising action, a knot, and a resolution; through this diagram, and because of it, characters must appear and change. In this loose texture, under these few demands, it is difficult to detect maneuvers and sharp practices. Animus, stupidity, inaccuracy and condescension, if disguised by a neat and fashionable manner and a long wind, can easily pass unnoticed. The good novelist is distinguished from the bad one chiefly by a gift of choice. Choice, itself a talent as taste is a talent, is not, however, enough. Only extreme sanity and balance of selection can give to prose fiction the dignity and excitement inherent in more rigid forms of writing: drama, poetry and the exposition of ideas.

Colette makes perfect choices. She writes with the naïve freedom of the amateur who has only himself for audience, and with the artist's unwavering adherence to form. Her simplicity of manner seems odd to the English reader, accustomed to the extremes of romantic rhetoric and to banal situations put down by writers hardened to their medium and not open to their material. The dated touch of nineteenth-century attitudes of mind still lies heavy upon modern fiction. In spite of loud assurances to the contrary, novels infected by their audience, warped by their authors' biases, bleached by literary form and custom, are the novels that, with few exceptions, appear from the presses. Colette, backed by a tradition that includes "La Vie de Henri Brulard," puts down what she knows—what her sharp senses and hearty nature have told her as the truth. This, we can conclude, is her only secret.

The stories of Katherine Mansfield, so obviously influenced by Colette, illustrate the Frenchwoman's method of attack without giving a hint of her quality. For Katherine Mansfield's talent leaves off where Colette's begins. The Englishwoman's sensibilities could touch nostalgia, pity and regret. They could not seek out the difficult human relationship, grasp it in essentials, reduce it to form. Where Colette struggles with the problem on its own terms, Katherine Mansfield shied away.

In "Chéri," Colette chooses for her subject one of the most difficult situations in the rather limited gamut of relationships possible among men and women: the love of an aging woman for a young man; the dependence of a young man upon the passion and tenderness of an older woman. She makes her problem perfectly clear and does not slight its implications. Chéri is not a casual boy picked up by Léa late in her career. She has known him from childhood. She is the friend, contemporary and confidante of his mother. Like his mother, she is a successful courtesan; unlike her, she is healthy, intelligent and gay. Léa does not make the first move; it is the boy who chooses her. From the beginning, the psychological set is probable. And from the first kiss of these lovers, so ill assorted according to conventional standards, throughout the course of their love affair, Chéri's marriage, Léa's flight from unexpected sorrow, to Chéri's final rejection of her love and power, the mother-son basis of the bond between them is not for a moment forgotten. The last scene between Léa and Chéri is so complex and so moving that it stands beyond casual appraisal. These two, characters in a novel easily classed as scabrous, take on a tragic nobility. *"Léa,"* says a contemporary critic, *"se dompte comme une heroine cornélienne."* This seems improbable, but is nevertheless true.

"Mitsou" is so lightly blocked in, so delicately developed, that it barely merits the heavy title of novel. Mitsou, the little singer in a music hall, is the only character that has a name; the others are known by titles, like the people in an allegory or a harlequinade. Brief stage directions report the action for the most part; the scenes are perhaps five in number. Mitsou before the mirror in her dressing-room, dressing, under the eyes of the young officers, "with a cheerless ease and an absent-minded immodesty which banished all coquetry"; Mitsou in the apartment furnished according to her own taste, and paid for by the Man of Means, an apartment "extraordinary, in spite of her good intentions"; Mitsou at her desk, writing serious little letters, full of grammatical errors and the newly awakened gentleness of first love—that is all we have, with the exception of Mitsou and her Lieutenant, in a strangers' embrace, seen against the ornate jumble of ornaments in her bedroom. What more could one do for this sober, well meaning child, who does not miss her performance even though her lover goes away tomorrow? Colette does not attempt to do more. She defines her lightly, wakens her briefly, and lets her go.

Turning the light formality of French fiction to her own uses, Colette has colored French prose, for a long time rather grayed by reflections from Parisian streets, with the varied green of provincial gardens. Honest, sensuous and witty, she has produced a solid body of work that owes little to masculine attitudes. Other translations of her books as excellent as these two should not be long deferred.

LOUISE BOGAN.

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A Gentlemanly Platonist

Emerson, the Enraptured Yankee, by Régis Michaud. New York: Harper and Brothers. 462 pages. $4.

A PRETTIFIED Emerson emerges from this book—the New England granite is not there. Professor Michaud handles his life with an almost transcendental disdain for external details, weaving about the few that he does mention an accurate and spirited summary, often in Emersonian phraseology, of the ideas expressed in the works and journals. In the latter respect the study is admirable. But the blended genius implied in M. Michaud's title hardly appears in his portrait, which glows with the gentlemanly Platonism on which the biographer loves to dwell, but shows less plainly the severer lines of Yankee common sense and grit.

Most of the New Englanders have deserved the orgy of debunking they have lately been subjected to. Emerson stands like the indigenous stone walls; save at obvious metaphysical gaps, the most suavely ironical of critics only bark their shins attempting to scale him. M. Michaud is cautiously ironical in spots, but he is very fond of Ralph Waldo, as he calls him. He labels his volume a portrait, yet what he gives us is rather a stream-of-consciousness narrative. Thus, perhaps inevitably, some important aspects of his subject are not considered, such as Emerson the poet, and his esthetic theories. After all, bardic as he was, the man was an artist, handicapped by imperfect sensory equipment, worried by a Puritanical distrust of technique, but robustly delighting in the gift of noble song.

The stream, then, is neither impressively wide nor remarkably deep, though it runs along vivaciously. Take, for instance, the second chapter of Part II, the biographer's object being to attach Emerson to the Transcendentalists. Now in his foreword, M. Michaud has made large claims:

> I relate the spiritual adventures of Emerson. . . . I have shown his contemporaries, his friends, his country, the United States at the most critical, the most tragical turn of their history—1830-1865.

Instead of starting with a sketch of the Club's members or a summary of their ideas, we begin on page 158 with the statement that "Emerson did not invent Transcendentalism." Then follows a breathless series of repetitious generalizations:

> everything boiled and fermented about him . . . the birth pangs of an ideal . . . the mystic wave had not ceased to foam . . . the fire had been smouldering under the ashes . . . souls trembled like leaves in the wind . . . the forests were singing the Song of Songs . . . the day was coming when God's children would have wings . . . New England is a nursery of visionaries and wonder-workers. . . .

Five pages are abandoned to this rhapsodizing, designed to paint in the background of mysticism, optimism and eccentricity. Next comes a page of particulars, still anonymous. "This one was against money, that one against war. . . . There were partisans of unleavened bread and partisans of bran bread. . . . " At the bottom of page 163 we seem to move forward again: "Emerson knew them well, these utopians. It was he who let them loose. They were . . . his spiritual children." That the last of these statements is in direct opposition to the sole point visible in the welter of verbiage which occupies the six preceding pages, namely that the utopians were already swarming all over New England, does not appear to trouble the author. Into his short and fancifully entitled chapters, as into frothy pools, the stream of his thought pours bubbling; but he is not oversuccessful in steering an idea straight through and out at the lower channel. Sometimes, as here, when it reaches the exit it is not even the same idea. Chapter III, "What Time Is It?," begins with more about the utopians' quaint ways, and at last, on page 168, in a single sentence of 145 words, the members of the Symposium are introduced and, except for Alcott and Margaret Fuller, permanently dismissed. I suppose this may be good stream-of-consciousness technique, but it is not very scholarly nor very interesting. Indulgence in verbal intoxication at the expense of structure and illumination renders less articulate the many good things M. Michaud wishes to say.

Does this seem a churlish reception for a book which testifies in every chapter that its author is in love with his American theme? Well, to paraphrase Sarcey's remonstrance to the actor, what one needs is not to love one's subject, but to understand it. M. Michaud fails to prolong the vibrations of that iron string which pitched the key for Emerson's own works. His Emerson wants the fire that brought Whitman, as the latter phrased it, "to a boil." M. Michaud's moony sage might have got into the mortuary anthologies, but never into the little blue books from Kansas. We must look elsewhere for the reasons why his trumpet can still rally the broken squadron.

The volume is well printed and beautifully bound. Professor George Boas has made an excellent job of what must have been a difficult translation.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

More About the Reconstruction

The Critical Year: A Study of Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction, by Howard K. Beale. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 454 pages. $3.75.

"THE SOUTH must win," said Jefferson Davis, "or suffer the humiliation of having her history written by the New England historians." It was a moment of true prophecy, but the insight was not complete. Not only did the North write Southern history; it rooted it out and passed off on the South the local tales and legends of New England, which became an American background for the whole country. Southern school children sing "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride"; the whispering campaign, backed by a formidable invasion of textbooks, has achieved a moral conquest beside which Sherman's march and the pursuit to Appomattox pale. Schoolboys in Tennessee know about Apostle Eliot, but only a few old men have heard of the exploits of Captain John Donelson in the wilds of the Cumberland country. Well meaning orators, bravely calling for broad-mindedness and liberalism in a section where an intolerant intransigence is at least the courageous part, tell the citizens, on Confederate Memorial Day, that they need not be ashamed of a grandfather who fought with Lee, that the grandfather could not have known how God had to use four years of war to show them the righteousness of Big Business and the iniquity of the farm. The spiritual conquest of the South has been impressive. There is, of course, a school of Southern historians eager to undo sixty years of patriotic education. Their most powerful ally is now a Northern writer, Professor Howard K. Beale.

His support is indirect, for his interest in the South is secondary. "The Critical Year" is a minutely and powerfully documented history of the year 1866, the year of the

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portentous struggle between Andrew Johnson and the Radicals. Professor Beale in effect repudiates the older historians, like Rhodes and McMaster, who were inclined to view the victory of Congress over Johnson as not only a legitimate political triumph, but in the end as a boon to the country, in both sections. He shows us that "victory was not won through the popularity or soundness of Radical tenets on important issues, but by skillful generalship that succeeded in avoiding issues." It was a campaign of "claptrap." It was worse than that; it was a campaign that for malice, slander, violence and unscrupulous will for power has never been equaled in our history.

Professor Beale has found much new material, but most of it has been known for years by students of American history. The great importance of his book lies in the fact that here for the first time it is all assembled in one place, and all the issues of the campaign set forth clearly, unhindered by the allegiance of the older historians to economic and social aims fostered, however remotely, by the victory of the Radical Congress.

It is doubtful if this book could have been written even ten years ago: but within that time the excessive industrialization of the North, particularly of the Middle West, which still has a strong background of agrarianism, has brought about a perceptible revolution of opinion among Northern historians. The evils of our excessive industrialism—the plight of the farmer, the imminent danger that labor will be owned by capital, the impending international crises resulting from the need of foreign markets for our fantastic overproduction of manufactures, to say nothing of the decline of moral and social standards attending this economic situation—all these evils appear, to the long view, to go back to the critical year of 1866.

One of the anomalies of American history receives astonishing emphasis at the hand of Professor Beale. For the cause of American agriculture was not lost in the battlefields of the Civil War, but in the victory of the Radicals over Johnson. Could the West and South have united in the campaign of 1866, the Civil War would have meant only the fall of slavery and the discrediting of the right of secession, but the Radicals were not contented with the success of Lincoln's two principal war aims. They wanted power; they had carried the war to victory; they did not intend to fall back into the minor role they had played before 1860. To divide the Democrats they accused those in the North of treason and stigmatized the Southerners as rebels who, if returned to citizenship, would restore slavery, secede and undo the decision of battle. By keeping war hysteria alive, the Radicals disguised their own revolutionary purposes as patriotism, and quietly went on strengthening their economic grip on the country—all of which has a familiar and contemporary ring. "To keep the economic questions in the background until the Southern problem was settled and their power secure, was therefore essential." It was essential because "they realized that should the South be restored, South and West could outvote the conservative business groups." But Johnson was politically too innocent to deal with such an enemy. The Radicals won, and "a new social and economic order under Radical favors grew to maturity; the age of Big Business dawned; and the factors underlying modern agrarian unrest gained strength." The problems of modern labor were created, and from the point of view of industry they are, in one respect at least, not vastly different from the problem of the slaveholder. The slave had to be housed and fed over the dull season; the modern laborer, asking for bread in a business "depression," gets it—in jail.

ALLEN TATE.

The Present and Future of Religion

The Present and Future of Religion, by C. E. M. Joad. New York: The Macmillan Company. 416 pages. $2.

THE COLLAPSE of the churches and of the authority of organized religion, which has been predicted ever since the seventeenth century, is now at last entering the realm of fact. The rebellion against church doctrines is no longer confined to aristocrats and intellectuals, as was the case in the eighteenth century. It has become a mass phenomenon that is demonstrable by statistics. Mr. Joad begins his book by quoting figures. We learn that from 1906 to 1928 the Sunday-school enrollment for all the Protestant denominations in England and Wales fell from 6,455,719 to 4,748,872, a drop of about 27 percent. We learn also that in a typical London district with a population of 80,000, the church and chapel attendance in the year 1886-87 totaled 12,996, with an average attendance of 295 for each of the 44 services; in 1927 the total attendance was 3,960, and the average for each of the 62 services was 63. In the East End of London, where the population has been relatively stationary, 11 out of 24 Protestant churches have been closed in the last forty years.

Other indications of the decline of the faith are furnished by the answers to a religious questionnaire prepared a few years ago by The London Nation. Of the answers returned by Nation readers only about 25 percent were in favor of the tenets of organized religion. On the other hand, the more popular audience of The London Daily News polled 63 percent in favor of orthodoxy. American clergymen may perhaps derive some comfort from the fact that the returns on the same questionnaire made by American newspaper readers showed an 80-percent majority for orthodox tenets. But Mr. Joad, who may be mistaken, takes the American figures as an indication, not of the American will to believe, but rather of the American will to be thought to believe.

The decay of organized religion is a fact of revolutionary significance. Mr. Joad hazards the prediction that science may deliver the *coup de grace* to organized Christianity within the next hundred years. But even without accepting that prediction, it is enough to realize that a very substantial part of the present generation is growing up without any religion in the ordinary sense of the term. When religious skepticism first began, it was a common argument that without the fear of hell there would be nothing to stop anybody from indulging in an orgy of stealing, rapine and murder. But here is a large part of society actually living without such fear, and the world has not fallen to pieces.

If the world has not fallen to pieces, there is, however, a widespread sense of unrest and a lack of spiritual direction. It is to this problem that Mr. Joad really addresses himself in this book. The overthrow of revealed religion does not abolish the necessity of ethics, and it is indeed precisely because there is no longer any dictation from above that the direction of our activities becomes an all-important problem. For the solution of this problem Mr. Joad finds it necessary—despite his bitter attacks on institutional religion— to save something of a sense of religion as a basis for the moral life in this age of science. His procedure will doubtless be criticized from two sources. On the one hand, our intellectual radicals will look askance at the idea of "turning to religion," regardless of its specific

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content. On the other hand, conservatives will feel that what Mr. Joad has been able to save is too Pickwickian to amount to anything. It is too philosophical, they will say, and lacks the flesh and blood of "real" religion.

Without playing on words, it may be said that neither of these criticisms is justified, and that both proceed from the same mistaken interpretation of the conflict between science and religion. The issue has appeared to most persons as a battle between two cosmical viewpoints. It is forgotten that science—at least in its ordinary practice—has never assumed the responsibility for a whole-hearted and consistent philosophy of human experience. As far as cultural and moral values are concerned, science and the scientific point of view have not played the role of law-giver, but rather that of critic. Science has given facts and reasonings which must be taken into account in any complete outlook upon the universe, but it has not given us that outlook. It is true that, starting with science and naturalism, we may attempt to build up a complete philosophy; but such a structure—which only the greatest of philosophers have attempted—will be found to contain an element which is equivalent to the core of the religious tradition, namely, the idea of moral autonomy and spiritual kinship with the rest of the universe.

On the side of the religious tradition, it seems at first sight amazing that the religious consciousness, which has gone through so many developments in human history, should suddenly seem to be brought to a dead stop, unable to meet the challenge of scientific criticism, and preferring to commit intellectual suicide rather than modernize its conceptions. The paradox finds its explanation, however, in the specific form of development that characterizes the great institutional religions of today. It is not religion itself which is engaged in a death struggle, but religion as organized in the form of churches under the authority of ministers and priests. The reason why the churches find it practically impossible to revise their creeds in the light of science is because, after scientific criticism is met, the ideological basis for religion as an organized social authority over the minds of men ceases to exist. It is not the first time in history that religion as a vested interest has stood in the way of religious progress. But the situation today is unique in that, owing to the discrediting of the mythology of the supernatural, we are facing not merely the reform of the religious institution, but probably the complete abolition of institutional religion.

What is left of the religious consciousness after it is purged of the mythology of the supernatural? On this point the author needlessly weakens the force of his message by his realistic metaphysics. Mr. Joad, it should be said, started out from ordinary scientific realism or mechanism, and, like a number of other British philosophers (notably Whitehead and Alexander), proceeded to construct a metaphysics of levels of matter, life and value, the last being the objective source of religious, moral and esthetic vision, as well as of the intellectual truth of scientific activity. The intention is clearly to put the basis of spiritual activity in the structural content of the natural world rather than in an order imposed by an external deity. But the net effect is to make the realm of value remote from the rest of the universe and something that is best attainable by the mystic with his eyes shut rather than by the ordinary man with a pure heart and a clear understanding.

The most direct way of rooting ethics and the spiritual life in reality would be to accept an integral spiritualism which would not shrink from regarding matter as the passive and external side of that which was once spiritual creation. For such a spiritualism science has no terrors, for under it one may pass from religion and ethics to scientific activity as from truth to truth. . . .

It remains to answer the question of whether any such spiritualism, however continuous it may be with the religious tradition, will in practice have the compelling force exercised by the old revealed religions. Will morality dissolve without the authority of revelation? Such a question has an acute psychological reality in the minds of tortured intellectuals like Mr. T. S. Eliot, but when properly analyzed it is shown to have no meaning. It involves the supposition that reason is a diabolical agency which can only destroy but not create, and that the way to salvation is, therefore, to shut the eyes of the mind and believe what is already known to be absurd. But, however destructive reason may appear in its first stages, the wounds of reason must be healed by deeper reason. To attempt any other method is not merely to turn one's back on reason, but to turn one's back on the forward movement of life itself. It is not a question of whether rationalistic religion can be as successful as revealed religion; the only hope is to go forward with the work of the present.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

Boccaccio

The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio, by Thomas Caldecott Chubb. New York: A. and C. Boni. 286 pages. $4.

THE MEAGERNESS of available documentation on the life of Giovanni Boccaccio obliges Mr. Chubb to be an essayist rather than a biographer. In spite of his efforts to eke out a chronicle by supplementing scant facts with reasonable hypotheses, he seldom succeeds in endowing his protagonist with the degree of personality that is necessary to successful biography. On the other hand, his able analyses of Boccaccio's numerous writings and his picture of the turbulent industrial civilization of the Florence of Boccaccio's day reveal an exceptional knowledge and appreciation of his subject.

Boccaccio the man, and even Boccaccio the poet, who wrote meandering romances and allegories in the manner of the day, seem to have little in common with the author of "The Decameron." In the latter part of his life, which Mr. Chubb presents more vividly than the earlier parts, he was certainly somewhat of a bigot and very much of a pedant. He himself, as well as his contemporaries, esteemed his Latin compilations as far more important than the collection of stories on which his lasting fame is based. As an encyclopedist and translator, Boccaccio was an important forerunner of the Renaissance. His editing of Leontius Pilate's limping translation of Homer, his compendium of classical mythology, and his books of general gossip and information rendered a valuable service to his successors, yet would not of themselves entitle Boccaccio to any such rank as that to which the sole fact of having written "The Decameron" entitles him.

With his evident qualifications for the task, it is regrettable that Mr. Chubb did not devote more attention to establishing the significance of Boccaccio's works, and especially "The Decameron," in the history of literature. Whether or not Boccaccio's mother was, as Mr. Chubb suggests, a dark-eyed, provocative woman, as slender and graceful as a cat, is a matter of futile speculation and little import. Boccaccio is less interesting as the illegitimate descendant of a Florentine banker than as the legiti-

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mate descendant of William of Aquitaine, Uc de San Circ, Peire Guilhem and the many other troubadours from whom he, as well as his friend Petrarch, borrowed directly. Time and again, Mr. Chubb uncovers rich veins and then, apparently because he has committed himself to writing a biography, passes on without exploiting them. He mentions Boccaccio's "Amorosa Visione" as the "negative of Dante's positive," but he fears to bore his readers by developing this theme to show how Boccaccio completed Dante in summing up the loose ends of medieval literature and laying a foundation for the literature of the Renaissance.

RAMON GUTHRIE.

Two Novels

Youth Dares All. Anonymous. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.

THIS IS the anonymously written story of a male and American prig. At least, the character of Eddie Law is at first naïvely priggish; toward the last, the author grows careless, and the character becomes merely farcical. But the book is none the less original and amusing for all the slips in it.

In fact, the amazing episodes and the riff-raff of characters give it a tone which a story about Paul Bunyan written by Daisy Ashford might have. It may be, though improbably, a true account of a roving, worthless young American who talks big about Love, his Star and Aspiration. But the book is much more to be admired if it is a complete fabrication. The occasional straining after effect, the seemingly deliberate appeal for a laugh, the use of mixed figures and the extension of platitudes beyond their normal uses point to deliberate, intentional writing. "After all, there's a tide in the affairs of men, into which one must know when to plunge. That takes judgment of a sterling sort."

The author, whoever he is, has managed consciously or unconsciously to absorb practically every element in American life which, at one time or another, has been held up to inadequate satire: love-life à la movies, the Sunday supplements of the Hearst papers, religious fanaticism, religious hypocrisy, big business, advertising. Yet by adopting various methods, among them the comical "I mean's" of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," James Branch Cabell's elliptical method of describing amorous tilts, even the diary method of "Clarissa Harlowe," the author has made considerably more than a simple composition of the bare elements of satire. This is not to say that "Youth Dares All" is a pastiche of various styles of writing. It is, more, a net-work of balanced exaggerations in a loose-jointed, professedly realistic autobiography. The exaggeration is kept, now in the relating of the story, now in the gross events themselves, now in the capitalized words, now in the coincidental meetings, for which, fortunately, is offered little or no explanation. But the book happens to exhibit, in addition to this highly conscious craftsmanship, the influence of other writers.

Perhaps the most successful aspect of what the jacket calls "satire by implication" lies in the pseudo realism of the whole book. Not every event is made explicit in its meaning, not every possibility for satire is pursued to the bitter end of it, and not every character or incident is out of scale with actual existence. In spite of the rapid shifting of locale, the novel preserves the concreteness which any good novel will have, no matter what the setting or external intention. The satire is almost accidental; it arises naturally, only occasionally with effort, out of an excellent, even brutal comedy of character. For this reason, the novel, as satire, is far above such obvious manipulations of ideas as Elmer Rice's "Voyage to Purilia," and more successful as comedy than Djuna Barnes's "Ryder." It would be a shame if such a successful revival of the uses of comedy and satire turned out to be a product of the untutored folk-soul.

Revelation, by André Birabeau. Translated by Una, Lady Troubridge. New York: The Viking Press. 240 pages. $2.50.

EVEN A bad translation cannot conceal the excellence of Birabeau's study of a mother who discovers that her dead son has been loved by a man. The main excellence appears in the novel's complete escape from the circle of a scandalous social problem. The two men involved play but secondary roles and thereby the author is compelled to make neither comment nor apology, such as Gide makes in the preface to the later editions of "L'Immoraliste." The novel is one of the reverberations of an event upon a character external to the immediate relation, and the original dramatic possibilities are fully realized by Birabeau. The faults of the novel lie entirely within the style. Birabeau has used a short-sentenced, clipped method of describing the intricate involutions of a disgusted mind. The first shocks upon the mother's mind might have been described well by such a style. But when the fact becomes an ever present part of her daily thought and changes slowly until it is her whole existence, past, present and future, the sentences should slow up, deepen, with the widening reaches of disgust. What remains a sincere, good novel might, with a richer style, have been a profoundly moving one.

KENNETH WHITE.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, the eminent English journalist and specialist in foreign affairs, is the author of "Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle" and other books.

CYRIL ARTHUR PLAYER, a graduate of Oxford University and a naturalized American citizen, is now on the staff of The Detroit News.

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GILBERT SELDES, in addition to his work as a dramatic critic, has recently written "The Future of Drink" and has prepared the English acting version of "Lysistrata."

JOHN DOS PASSOS is now in Provincetown working on the sequel to "The 42nd Parallel."

LOUISE BOGAN is the author of two books of verse, "Body of This Death" and "Dark Summer."

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ALLEN TATE, poet, critic and biographer, having returned from Europe, is living on his cotton plantation in Tennessee.

RAMON GUTHRIE is the author of "Trobar Clus," "A World Too Old," "Parachute," etc.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is a writer on philosophical and scientific subjects. His book, "The Adventure of Science," will be published this fall by Simon and Shuster.

KENNETH WHITE, till recently an instructor in Philosophy at Harvard, has contributed to The Hound and Horn and The New Freeman.

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